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LIFE'S ROSES.

BY ALICE CARY.

When the morning first uncloses,
And before the mists are gone,
All the hills seem bright with roses.
Just a little further on;
Roses red as wings of starlings,
And with diamond dewdrops wet.
"Wait," says Patience; "wait, my darling,
Wait a little longer yet."
So with eager, upturned faces
Wait the children for the hours
That shall bring them to the places
Of the tantalizing flowers,

Wild with wonder, sweet with guesses,
Vexed with only fleeting years,
So the broader day advances
And the twilight disappears.
Hands begin to clutch at posies,
Eyes to smile with new delight,
And the roses, oh, the roses!
Burning, blushing, full in sight.

Now with bosoms softly beating,
Heart in heart and hand in hand,
Youths and maids together meeting
Crowd the flowery harvest land.
Not a thought of rainy weather—
Nor of thorns to sting and grieve,
Gather, gather, gather, gather,
The only care is what to leave.

Soon to afternoon advances,
Rosy red grows russet brown,
Sad eyes turn with backward glances,
So the sun of youth goes down.
And as rose by rose is withered,
Sober at it begins to find
Many a false heart has been gathered,
Many a true one left behind.
Hands are clasped with fainter holding,
Unfill'd souls begin to sigh
For the golden, glad unfolding
Of the morn beyond the sky.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER IV.

Madeline did not conceal from Mr. Lanyon that she had refused Maurice Pellew. Some instinct told her that he wished much for this marriage, and she thought it best to let him understand her feelings. They were in the library at Crehylls when she spoke, telling him, in her own calm way, that she loved Maurice, but had refused to be his wife.

"But you are wrong," said Mr. Lanyon. "Why refuse him if you love him?"

"Why!" exclaimed Madeline, while a bitter expression passed over her proud face—"do you ask why?—you, who know who I am?"

Mr. Lanyon bent low over his book, and turned the leaves with a hurried hand before he replied to her; then he said, with an effort, "Why revert to this painful subject, Madeline? Has its sorrow or its stain touched you? Have I not from your infancy guarded you from the very shadow of it? Have I not so hedged you in with honor and respect, that no one guesses the truth? I have given you an honorable name, and a loving home, and I only ask in return that I may see you happy."

His voice trembled, and he covered his eyes with his hand, as though shutting out some painful vision. The young girl gazed at him till tears blinded her; then she came forward, and knelt down by his side.

"I am not ungrateful," she said, leaning her cheek against his hand tenderly, "and I would be happy if I could; but happiness is the one blessing you cannot give me. It will not flourish where there is no truth. The respect, the honor, the name you have given me are all false; they surround me like a wall of cards, which a touch would fling down. You think that your generous pity and charity have guarded me from the stain of my father's crime. I tell you no; I have sat all my life within the shadow of his guilt. Outwardly you might save me, but the shadow is within, upon my soul, and I writhe beneath it, like a degraded wretch beneath the branding iron. You do not know how proud I am, therefore you cannot fathom my sufferings. You cannot tell how at school I shrank from companionship, knowing that I gained it through a lie, and truth would only bring me scorn. You cannot tell, now that I am a woman, how I shrink from friendship and from love."

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the girl's sobs, for with her last words her grief burst its bonds, and she wept bitterly. Yet had a painter been there to look upon her face, and that of the aged man whose hand rested upon her bowed head, his was the face which the artist would choose as depicting the direr grief, the more dreadful woe.

"I have no words to comfort you with, my poor child," said Mr. Lanyon, steadying his trembling lips to speak; "but I wish that—that, for my sake, you could be happier."

Oh the blind selfishness and cruelty of a proud and stubborn nature! She did not see his grief; she did not hear the anguish in his voice. Feeling only her own pain, she was blind to his.

"I cannot be happy," she answered, bitterly. "The word is a mockery to me. At school, when other children played and sang, I wept alone. There was a mark upon me, which I could feel and see, if they could not. I was alone in the midst of them. I had a dreadful secret to keep. I had to use unchildish caution, unchildish resolve and cunning. How then could I have companions? The very hands which held me to their cold esteem were lies; my history, my name, my lineage, were lies; my whole life a lie, and I hate myself and it!"

She ended passionately, and struck her forehead with her clenched hand.

"You wrong yourself, Madeline," said Mr. Lanyon, pitifully. "Your feelings are morbid; you exaggerate with over-sensitiveness the sorrows of your position. No good man would visit upon you the sins of others."

Mr. Lanyon said this with a spasm of pain crossing his features and a nervous contraction of the hand, which showed that in speaking thus he conquered some great anguish.

"But the world would," returned Madeline. "It is only such a man as you who would take pity on the orphan of——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Lanyon, hurriedly "Say no more, I entreat you."

He seemed unable to bear the word she was about to speak, and he leant back in his chair with a white face and trembling hands.

"You see," cried Madeline, as her proud face flushed crimson, "even you, with all your generous pity, all your keen sense of justice—even you cannot bear the utterance of my father's name, or my father's crime. You seal them up, you ignore them, you try to forget them; you cheat yourself when you look upon my face, and you strive to think me the child of an innocent man."

Her words were shadowed on Mr. Lanyon's face in a ghastly paleness like death, and he held out both his hands towards her as praying her to cease.

"Do you feel so much for me?" she said, softly, and taking his outstretched hands in hers, she bent over them and kissed them. But the action seemed painful to Mr. Lanyon beyond expression, and hurriedly repulsing her tenderness, he rose and paced the room.

Madeline's eyes followed him. Filled with the bitterness of wounded pride, and shivering from head to foot, she stood silent, with her arms folded tightly across her chest. In a moment Mr. Lanyon saw her pain, and he came to her and put his arm round her kindly.

"Is it possible you can mistake me, Madeline?" he said. "You do indeed see all things through a distorted prism if you can imagine I meant you an unkindness."

"I fancied the thoughts of my father overpowered you with loathing towards me," she replied, "as it would Maurice Pellew if he knew what you know. But no cares of mine shall ever be repulsed by a lover as you repulsed me just now."

"Madeline!" exclaimed Mr. Lanyon, in a low, agitated tone, "you try me too deeply at times. You Spare the man who has been a father to you from your childhood so unjust an accusation as this. No thought of your unhappy parent ever repels me from your side; on the contrary, his memory and his fate have drawn me to you, and made me your guardian, and your friend."

The proud girl whom he addressed stood quivering beneath these words, turning their kindness into gall.

"I know I am an object of compassion," she said; "and good and just men like you love to exercise their benevolence on the miserable, even when they are sullen and wretched as I am. Yet, sometimes I wish you had left me alone,—left me unaided, my name unconcealed, my terrible orphanage, and the blot upon me unshrouded from a prying world. Then at least I should have an atmosphere of truth about me; I should not be borne down with falsehood as I am now. Perhaps you cannot see into my heart—you cannot guess what I suffer when I hear myself covered by the false mantle of honor which your guardianship, and the pretence of your relationship, have thrown over me."

She spoke these last words in a mournful tone, and fixed her eyes on Mr. Lanyon with a look of proud despair.

"Madeline, you grieve me to the heart," replied her guardian. "You have all the comforts, all the honor which my wealth and station can give you; added to these, you have talent, and innocence, and beauty—these three last all your own. Cannot you fling off morbid thoughts, and let these gifts suffice for your happiness?"

"Oh if you only knew," returned the girl, lifting up her voice in anguish, "how far beyond these I prize truth and justice, you would not wonder at my sorrow. It is the falsehood of my position that crushes me to the earth. There are times when the burden of this deceit is so heavy, that I long to shriek aloud the truth to the whole gaping world."

Mr. Lanyon was silent, but he trembled excessively, and again he covered his shrinking eyes with one hand, while his adopted daughter clung to his other arm, weighing it down with her passionate clasp.

"I have a nature which loves truth," she continued feverishly. "I am too proud to lie. I hate—I abhor all falsehood, all deceit, all dishonor. Yet see—think what I have been forced to do! What meanness, what finding, what subterfuge my shrinking soul has practised! To a proud heart like mine such things have been a daily draught of gall. I do not despise myself for the crime of my father; it is for my own guilt I hate myself and long to die."

She suddenly relinquished her feverish grasp of her listener's arm, and sinking to the floor, she buried her face in her hands. Mr. Lanyon stood by her, looking down on her with unspeakable woe shadowed on his own face.

"Madeline," he said, "it is true that I have never read your heart till to-day; I could not guess you suffered thus. From the first hour of your forlorn and terrible orphanage I have succored you, and I had dared to hope that my hand had shielded you from pain—my care had guarded you from the sorrow, the shame, the stain—" he ceased a moment, overcome by a rush of bitter thought. "But the hope I had presumed to cherish was vain," he continued, in a desolate voice, "and I see, that all I have done for your happiness has only heaped greater misery on your unhappy head—and on mine,—on mine," he added wildly.

Madeline, lost as she was in contemplation of her own sorrow, yet seemed touched by his grief.

"Forgive me," she said, more gently; "I would not have shown you my wretchedness if I could have helped it, but I am mad to-day. I have just flung from out my heart all my love, all my hopes of earthly happiness—I have just given up Maurice Pellew."

"And there, I tell you again, that you are wrong, Madeline," persisted Mr. Lanyon in an eager voice. "Pellew loves you with his whole soul. Why cannot you be his wife, and make him and yourself happy?"

"Because I am a liar," she answered, as she bent her head still lower to the ground; "and Maurice Pellew shall never take a liar to his heart. I am no snake to creep into a man's bosom, and sting him with the agony of such a life as mine. What right have I to a place by his hearth?"

"Every right, Madeline," replied Mr. Lanyon. "You love him, and he has chosen you. You possess the beauty, the talent, the qualities he admires; he asks for no more in a wife than he finds in you."

"Yes, he asks for honor," she cried, springing up suddenly; "he expects in the mother of his children an unsullied name, like his own; and mine, through my father's guilt, is dragged down into the dust; therefore I cannot be his wife. Do you not see that truth and justice demand this sacrifice of me?"

"Justice! justice!" exclaimed Mr. Lanyon, stretching his hand towards her feebly; "what do you know of justice, Madeline?"

"I know this," she said, in a low voice, "that my father suffered justly; therefore I never complain against the sentence, which has made me what I am. Neither do I murmur against my own sufferings; they are just also. And I love justice so well, that I will never make another suffer unjustly. If I allied my secret load of sorrow and of shame to Maurice Pellew's free soul, lowing it down with unmerited pain, I should commit an act of injustice so abhorrent to my nature, that I prefer desolation, loneliness, death—anything, rather than commit such a wrong."

"Madeline, Madeline!" cried Mr. Lanyon; and groping like a blind man, he sank into a chair, gazing at her with bewildered eyes.

"Are you frightened at my vehemence?" asked Madeline, sadly. "I wish you could see into my soul; I wish you could read there all my scorn and hatred of wrong, of injustice, of falsehood. Do not pity me, that I give up my love for Maurice. It is a relief, a joy to me unspeakable, to suffer for justice's sake, and for truth. I, whose ignoble sufferings have been caused by a deceitful shrinking from truth, may well feel glad at last to suffer in a good cause."

"And do you renounce marriage for ever?" said Mr. Lanyon. "Are you so resolved—you, so young?"

"Yes," she replied, "unless I can find my equal; a man who has suffered as I have—a man whose name is a reproach, an infamy, as mine is."

"Madeline," said her guardian, "this is pride, not love of justice or of truth."

"It is all three," she answered, drearily. Then she utterly broke down, and crying, "Maurice, Maurice!" she flung herself on the ground, writhing in her proud, passionate misery, like a wounded bird.

"Madeline, my poor child, can I do nothing for you?" asked Mr. Lanyon, in a voice which quivered with a strange pathos.

"Nothing," she replied, in a hopeless tone. "What can be done for a girl like me?" she asked, fixing her large eyes on him with a look of vacant woe.

Mr. Lanyon made her no answer, and in the silence that fell down between them, there broke the twittering of birds, and the rustle of Summer leaves. Something in these peaceful sounds, or in the stillness and sorrow of her guardian's face, softened the unhappy girl, and trailing herself towards him, without rising, she laid her head upon his knee and covered his hands with her tears.

"Do not hate me for my grief," she said, pleadingly; "and bear with me when I speak out of the bitterness of my heart. Remember, you are the sole friend I have upon the earth, with whom I can dare give myself the luxury and the relief of truth. To the world I am the gay, the happy, the envied Miss Sylvester; to you, and to you only, I am the miserable, heart-broken daughter of a man who lies in a shameful grave."

"I never forget any of this, Madeline," returned Mr. Lanyon, "therefore I bear with you gently, and ever will do so, though you torture me to death."

This was the first reproach Madeline had heard from her guardian's lips, and she looked up at him hastily.

"As for your father," he continued, "his name is engraven on my brain. Do not speak of him again; I cannot, I will not bear it."

He spoke with passion, and this sudden change from his usual calm gentleness startled Madeline.

"Is there anything I have left undone, unsaid," continued Mr. Lanyon, vehemently, "to prove my compassion, my sorrow for that unhappy man? Have I not shielded his child from penury and the contempt of the world? Have I not given her the gentle tending, the high culture, the delicate refinement, that could never have been hers in her own miserable home?"

He uttered this as if to himself, and with eyes fixed upon some phantom in the air.

"All you have done for me," said Madeline, mournfully, "has not fallen wasted, dead, upon an ungrateful mind. I repay you by a love and reverence past words. Seeing, as I do, how callous and unjust is the world, I marvel more and more, every day of my life, at the wonderful and gentle charity of the man who took such pity on an outcast child, that he gathered her to his bosom as a daughter. You see I am now speaking calmly; and even in passion I do you justice; but in calmness I do more, I bow down in wonder before your goodness and your love."

"Do I want thanks, Madeline, or flattery?" cried Mr. Lanyon, almost fiercely. "Cease, child, cease!"

"No," she answered, "hear me out. It is not all praise that I am going to utter. I thank you for succoring me, yet I still believe my path would have been less bitter had you left me to the fate that awaited me. I should have been a drudge at a workhouse, a parish apprentice at a farm, a poor, coarse, untaught slave all my life long. But to counterbalance this, I should have had truth and openness on my side. My name would be my own, my story would be known to all; and if it gained me contempt from some, it would have wrung pity from better hearts. And perhaps, hard as I should have been, I might have cared for neither. Now, it is true you have given me culture, refinement, gentle breeding; but all these mean only the power to suffer—yes, to suffer; that is the gift you have laid upon me. To the child who was wrapped in a web of mystery and deceit, you taught truth and religion; to the woman whose whole life must be a lie, you have given passionate honor, passionate love of honesty and of justice. I belie my nature every day; and when I writhe and suffer you blame me. And it is you who are to blame, because you have striven by falsehood to ward from my miserable head that great curse which says, 'The sins of the father shall descend upon the children.'"

Mr. Lanyon heard her in a silence which held down within him a passion and a woe deeper than any her speech could touch. His face was inexpressibly pale and wan as he turned towards her, and laid his hand gently on her fair hair.

"No, Madeline, not on the children. The sins of the father must not descend on innocent heads," he said, steadfastly; "that shall never be."

"But it is so, it must be so," she persisted, laying her hand upon her heart. "I feel it here."

Mr. Lanyon smiled sadly.

"You are far happier than you think, Madeline," he returned, gazing in her face wistfully. "You have youth, beauty, innocence, and love. Why then do you let the life and death of a man, you can scarcely remember, disturb your peace?"

"Because he was my father," she replied; "and so far from scarcely remembering him, every word and look of his is scorched upon my memory."

"And remembering him, Madeline, can you say justly that he was as good a father to you as I have been and am?" said Mr. Lanyon.

"No," returned the girl, frankly. "I cannot say it; yet he loved me, and you do not."

A flush rose swiftly on Mr. Lanyon's face as she spoke.

"That is a most cruel speech, Madeline," he said, coldly. "Ask yourself whether I do not bear words from your lips which I would not brook from any other. Have I not suffered calmly to-day all your reproaches, all your bitterness?"

"Yes, you have borne with me calmly," she replied. "Had you loved me, you might perhaps in your anger have smitten me to the earth. Do not think this is a new reproach," she continued, in a tone of deep sadness. "No; I can understand full well that the horror which you have of crime, and the loathing you feel at being allied to it, have shut up your heart from loving me. Ah, you cannot tell how often I have seen you, even when I was a child, shrink away from a caress of mine! And I do not complain of it, though I read daily your secret repugnance even to the sight of my face. I know myself only a poor leper, stained with my father's shame, and I dare not hope for love. Then think of the loneliness in which my soul lives through these things; think what it is to feel in secret the weight of a great crime; while bearing outwardly to the world all the marks and semblance of innocence and honor!"

Mr. Lanyon's eye, which had been fixed on hers, fell, and his sunken cheeks took an ashen and ghastly hue.

"Girl, girl! your words are poniards!" he cried, hurriedly.

"Yet they do not speak all the sharpness of my woe," continued Madeline. "But a man like you, whose memory is pure, whose long life is unsullied, can scarce understand my burden. Yet I have as honorable a mind as you. I too, loathe crime, and shudder at the blood which runs in my veins; but I have not, like you, the right to despise it."

"You wrong me," cried the old man, passionately. "I have feelings of tenderness and pity for you that you do not dream of."

"But no love," interposed Madeline, turning from him sadly. "Further, I have seen you shudder as your eye fell upon my face. Oh believe me, I know too well what feelings I inspire in an honorable heart. Let us talk no more of it. I am cruel to pain you so long with my presence and my bitter thoughts."

She glided to the door, and then turned and looked upon him. He sat in his large chair like a shrunken shadow of old age, with his head drooping forward resting on his thin hand, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the floor. For a moment Madeline hesitated, as though she would fain go to him with words of comfort; but the morbid gloom and pride of her nature stepped in and conquered the kindly wish.

"No," she said to herself, disdainfully. "I will not try to console him; he would but shudder at a kind touch or loving word from me."

She passed out of the room, and closed the door with a silent hand; but her shadow, like a dreadful blight, still rested on the shrunken figure in the chair, and not all the sunshine, which poured upon him in a golden flood, could lift it from his heart.

CHAPTER V.

"Father," said a fresh, clear voice, "I have been looking for you." And Lady Crehylls, radiant in her youth and loveliness, came in softly, and stood by her father's chair. "We want you to come and wish some of the people good-bye; they are going."

"Certainly, my dear," returned Mr. Lanyon, vaguely. "Which of your guests are leaving?"

"Oh, nearly all of them," replied his daughter; and taking his arm, she drew him from the library into the hall, where many of those who had passed the night after the ball at the Castle were now uttering farewells to each other, and to their host. Lord Crehylls seemed full of life and gaiety, his clear mellow voice ringing with the joyousness of youth, as he spoke words of hospitality and kindness all around. And Mr. Lanyon's care-worn face lit up with a sudden smile as he contemplated him—a smile beamed with a still fuller pleasure, when his eyes turned on the innocent, happy look of his daughter. Never had she seemed to him more lovely, more dear than to day, when her girlish beauty and the joy which beamed, as it were, unconsciously around her presence, came to him in contrast with the pale and angry gloom of Madeline's chiseled face.

At length, as the carriages left, there remained only at the door Justice Pydar's old-fashioned chariot, and Mrs. Gilbert's modern phaeton.

"You'll come and see me soon," said the old gentleman as he shook hands with his young host. "I shall keep all the pheasants for you. And bring your young friend, Pellew, with you, if he will do me the pleasure to come. I like him much. Ah, by the by, where is he? I have not said good bye to him."

"I am here," answered Maurice, coming out of an arched doorway. "I was just about to ask whether you or Mrs. Gilbert would kindly give me a lift as far as the coach road. I want to meet the London mail, which passes at four o'clock."

"You can't mean that you are going back to town?" cried Lord Crehylls. "I really won't allow that, Pellew."

"I fear I must go," replied Maurice, as he faltered out some excuse about letters and pressing business. "And I am afraid, Mr. Pydar," he continued, "that I shall not be able to avail myself of the invitation you so kindly extended to me just now; for I am obliged to remain in London all the Autumn and Winter. I fancy it will be long before I shall visit Cornwall again."

He could not repress the slight agitation and trembling of the lip with which he said this; and as he turned away to hide it, he met Mr. Lanyon's earnest gaze. The pale worn face, who lines he had often marked with a kind of faint wonder, bore now a shadow of doubt and pain, and Maurice instantly guessed that he saw into his heart, and knew of Madeline's rejection of his love.

"Could she have told him?" he thought; and the blood rushed to his heart with a sudden hope.

"You must not go," said Mr. Lanyon, painfully. "You have promised to go back to Penkivel with Madeline and me, and I will not give up your promise."

"No, indeed," cried Lady Crehylls, eagerly, "we are not going to part with you so easily, Mr. Pellew. And where is Madeline? What will she say about it! Go and find Miss Sylvester," she said to a servant, who was standing by the hall door.

Maurice heard this command with great embarrassment.

"It will be quite impossible for me to return with you to Penkivel," he said to Mr. Lanyon, in a low voice; "it would pain me too much."

"Ah, I see you mean to stay," observed old Mr. Pydar; "so I wish you good-bye for a time." So saying, he retreated to his chariot, and drove away.

At this moment the servant returned who had gone for Madeline, and said, "Miss Sylvester is in her room, indisposed, my lady. She begs you will excuse her from coming down. She sends her compliments to Mr. Pellew, and wishes him a pleasant journey."

Maurice's face flamed, and he put out his hand hurriedly to say good-bye to Mr. Lanyon. Lord and Lady Crehylls looked both hurt and surprised, but Mrs. Gilbert smiled.

"His Egyptian queen has refused him," she said to herself, "and the sooner he escapes his misery the better for him. Mr. Pellew," she cried, "if you really wish to catch the mail, it is time we departed."

"I do, indeed," said Maurice, hurrying forward. "A thousand thanks, Lady Crehylls, for all your kindness; we shall meet this Winter in London I hope."

Mr. Lanyon heard this—heard also the tremor in his voice which told of the pain hidden, but not subdued, and there rose before him, pale and reproachful, the face of Madeline. She loved this man, she had confessed it, and with her bitter and proud spirit what would her life be without this saving love? Wrecked, utterly wrecked and miserable, a curse to herself, and perhaps to others. But with this kind true heart by her side, peace and happiness would spring up in her soul, and the morbid bitterness, which she now cherished perversely, would gradually die away. On the other side, what a root of anguish this love would be; what a source of spite and pain and anger for the future, adding a double blight to her life, if now in her proud misery she sent this man from her.

"And from all this I can save her by a single word, if I will," said Mr. Lanyon to himself. "But what a word! No, I cannot do it. He must go.

At this instant Maurice's hand clasped Mr. Lanyon's, and bending low, he whispered, "Tell Madeline I go for her sake. I would not pain her by my presence a moment longer than I could help."

He turned away. Mrs. Gilbert was already in the phaeton; her voice was calling to him to be quick. Another moment he would be gone, and Madeline's whole life would be barren and hopeless. Mr. Lanyon's breath came painfully and his heart trembled.

"No; there has been wrong enough," he thought. "This further evil shall not fall upon her head, if I can hold it back. Maurice! Maurice!" he cried aloud.

Somewhat surprised, the young man hurried back to him, and leant forward to catch the faint words he spoke.

"Maurice," said he, "you must stay; my ward desires it. I have a message for you from her."

Maurice stayed; and Mrs. Gilbert, with eyes full of astonishment, caught up the reins and drove away.

"Come to me this evening in the library," said Mr. Lanyon. "I have much to say to you. I cannot bear it now, I am not well to-day. I think I shall go and rest awhile."

With a heart full of hope, Maurice watched his bent and shrunken figure as he retreated, scarcely seeing him; but Lady Crehylls, whose eyes followed him also, looked flushed and anxious. And as he disappeared behind the great folding doors of the hall, she turned her steps the same way, silent and thoughtful.

Mr. Lanyon went straight to his own room, and placed before him on a table a small, old fashioned desk, brass bound, and firmly locked. He opened it by a key which hung at his watch chain, and taking up a bundle of papers, tied and sealed, he unfastened it, and spread them on the desk. As he did this, there was a gentle tap at the door, and laying his hand hurriedly on the letters, he was about to close the desk, when the lock turned softly, and his daughter, with her boy in her arms, entered, and coming up to him tenderly, she laid her lips on his brow.

"Father, I thought you looked tired and ill," she said; "so baby and I are come to have a cosy chat, and cheer you up a little. Kiss grandpa, little one."

The child put his soft arms around the old man's neck, and with cherry lips he kissed him, patting his withered cheeks with his tiny hand, and laughing gleefully.

"He is a fine little fellow," said Mr. Lanyon, looking at him proudly, "and you are very happy, Agatha, my dear. May God keep you so!"

"Why, father, my dear father, what makes you so sad and earnest to-day?" cried his daughter, leaning her fair young face upon his shoulder. "Of course I am happy. You know how good and loving Geoffrey is; and then I have you and baby, and all the other blessings that I so often forget to count—wealth, honor and position,—which would be nothing to me though, without Geoffrey and you, and my darling here."

She kissed the child, and the two fair cheeks lay close together, the mother's scarcely less fresh and smooth than the rosy infant's. With his trembling hand still spread upon his desk on the faded letters, Mr. Lanyon gazed on this picture with shrinking woe-worn eyes.

"Ah, Agatha, my child, human happiness is built upon sand!" he said. "A touch—a word destroys it often. Do not make idols of your earthly treasures, lest they should be taken from you."

"My dear father," returned the young wife and mother, kneeling down by him, and enclosing him and her child in her two white, rounded arms, "surely my treasures are given to me to love; and to my mind it would be but poor wisdom to give them a cold half love."

Kneeling as she was now, her shining blue eyes were almost on a level with the desk, and her glance fell on the packet of letters beneath her father's hand. They were in her husband's writing.

"Old letters of Geoffrey!" she said eagerly. "What are they about, father—may I see them?"

"Only business, my dear," he replied—"business between me and him when he was a lad and I was his guardian. They would not interest you, Agatha."

Mr. Lanyon strove to speak calmly, but there was something forced and unnatural in the quiet of his tone.

"Business!" repeated his daughter, peering curiously on the desk. "What does this mean—'Madeline, my beautiful Madeline?' Of Madeline is he writing?"

The next instant Lady Crehylls gazed at her father with amazement as he closed the desk with quivering eager hands and locked it.

"He means Madeline Sylvester, my love," he replied, in a hurried voice; "but you need not be jealous; she was only six years old when these letters were written."

Lady Crehylls believed him; and yet his agitation and the feverish flush in his pale face gave her a strange, uneasy feeling, such as her heart had never trembled with before in all her married life.

"You know, Agatha," said Mr. Lanyon, more softly, "Geoffrey was very fond of Madeline as a child."

"Was he?" said Lady Crehylls, a little coldly. "Then I suppose, father, she was more pleasant as a child, then she is as a girl. Her pride and gloom now often sadden me. Come, let me see what Geoffrey said about her when she was his 'beautiful Madeline.'"

She laid her hand playfully on the key of the desk; but Mr. Lanyon thrust it aside hastily. "Not now, my dear," he said; "some other time you may read Geoffrey's boyish epistles if you choose, but I am busy now—I have letters to write. The boy tires me, Agatha. You had better take him to his nurse."

He put his little grandson down from off his knee, kissing him as he let him go; but still the young mother was slightly hurt, and as she went away, leading her boy by the hand, she bore with her that faint, small cloud of care which, appearing only as a speck on the horizon, might yet spread over all the sky, and darken the sun of life's happiness for ever. As her slight fragile form disappeared, as her pretty delicate hand closed the door, Mr. Lanyon sighed deeply, and a strange shiver shook his feeble frame.

"No; I cannot speak," he said to himself—"I cannot put her happiness and her life in Maurice Pellew's hands. I must bear this secret alone to the end. But Madeline, ah, if I am silent, it is her happiness I crush, her life I fling away. Oh if there were some middle course!—if there were something I could do, which would save them both! Let me reflect—let me take counsel with myself."

He placed his hand upon his brow, and remained a few moments in deep thought; then rising, he bolted the door, and again unlocking his desk, he took from it the small packet of faded letters, and read them through. This done, he laid them down with a great sigh of relief.

"There are no marks of guilt here," he said, putting his hand upon them. "There is nothing here but a boy's fancy—a boy's folly. The story Polgrain told me is a mad dream of his. I will shake it off. I will believe it no more. Even if true, I cannot destroy my daughter. But it is not true; it is the vision of a crazed brain—the man was guilty, and Madeline must bear her fate."

As he said this, he put the letters in the desk hastily, as though he longed to shut them from his sight again; but the rough movement brought before his eyes a newspaper, and this he seized with an eager grasp.

"Oh! I had forgotten this," he said. "I could not tell Maurice Pellew, but I can let him read for himself; and if he truly loves Madeline, this will not change his love. Here then is the middle course I wished for; here is the chance of saving her that I desired; not a generous one perhaps, but still the best I have."

He slowly relocked his desk; and taking the paper with him, he left the room with a feeble step.

CHAPTER VI.

Madeline had wept till her tears were spent. She was not a woman to weep quietly, her grief was a sort of fury, in which she had torn off her ornaments, and loosened her long thick hair, which hung tangled about her shoulders, as with head resting on her hands she sat silent, numbed by her own despair.

"Madeline," said a sweet gentle voice, "won't you open the door? I want to speak with you."

It was Lady Crehylls, and Madeline bore towards her one of those strange, undefinable dislikes which rise in jealous natures, apparently without reason. To admit her now, to let her in upon these white cheeks, these traces of tears and passion, irritated her already galled spirit, yet she could think of no excuse for denying her admission. She withdrew the bolts silently, and while the closed door stood between her and Agatha Crehylls she let her dark eyes flash forth all their hate and misery, but as it moved on its hinges, and the lady entered, her eye-lids fell, and going back a step she stood with pale set face, and hands drooping by her side.

"You want me, Lady Crehylls?" she said, coldly.

"My dear Madeline," returned the other, "How often must I beg you to call me Agatha? You forget how it pleases my father to see us like sisters."

She put her hand on the girl's shoulder, and would have kissed her, but Madeline drew back.

"Sisters!" she said, slowly; "the word is such a mockery to me, that it embitters my lips like a drink of gall. If I call you Agatha, in what will that make us like sisters, or bring into our fates the shadow of a similarity?"

"My dear love," said Lady Crehylls, pityingly, "I know you are full of sorrow to day. I guess it all, and I come to give you good news. Mr. Pellew has not left the Castle; he is still here."

A flash of crimson fell over Madeline's face.

"Why does he stay?" she cried. "He has no right to torture me like this. Agatha, I cannot see him. I shall remain in my room til he is gone."

Lady Crehylls gazed at her in astonishment.

"This is folly indeed, Madeline," she said, gravely. "Mr. Pellew loves you, and you return his affection. Under what pretence then do you fling away his happiness and your own? Do you do this only to gratify your moody temper?"

"Yes; think so, if you will," returned Madeline. "What does it matter?"

"It matters through your whole life," replied Lady Crehylls, in a gentle, serious voice. "It matters this, Madeline, that with Maurice Pellew by your side you will be a good and happy woman, but without him you will be neither."

"I know it," said Madeline, gloomily. "Go away—do go away."

But Lady Crehylls drew nearer to her, and in spite of the shiver run through Madeline's frame, she put her arms about her tenderly and kissed her.

"What has gone wrong Madeline?" she said, softly. "Come, tell me, and I promise you I will set it straight, even if the whole world is gone awry." Madeline, however, was silent.

"You know, my dear," continued the young wife, "my father will do anything I ask him, and so will Geoffrey. If, then, you think either of them has it in his power to help you, say so, Madeline, and it shall be done."

"She boasts of her power," thought Madeline—"this woman with a loving husband and father, and she boasts of it to me. Does she want me to hate her?" But she still kept silent, suffering the other's embrace, suffering even her tears coldly.

"You won't speak Madeline?" said Lady Crehylls, as her eyes filled with disappointment and wounded feeling. "I am sorry for you, my dear. I want to help you, if you will let me."

"But there is no help for me in the world," returned Madeline, calmly. "Why don't you believe me when I say it? I tell you there is none. Lord Crehylls can do nothing for me, and your father can do no more for me than what he has done."

"Have you quarrelled with Maurice Pellew?" asked Lady Crehylls, eagerly. "Oh Madeline, be reconciled; he loves you so dearly."

"I have not quarrelled with him," she answered, extricating herself from Agatha's embracing arm. "I am not given to quarrels; but this I know of myself, that a quarrel with me would be deadly. I should never make it up."

"You are a strange girl," said her friend, looking at her sorrowfully. "Perhaps, Madeline, you think my father will not consent to your marriage, and you are too proud to ask it."

"You are mistaken," said Madeline. "Your father this morning pressed me to accept Maurice——"

"And you refused?" interrupted her companion.

"And I refused," said Madeline.

"Then you do not love him?" said Lady Crehylls, coldly, "and I am sorry I asked him to stay."

As she spoke, Madeline turned towards her, and Lady Crehylls saw that her face was without color to the lips, and her eyes were strangely wild.

"You say so," she cried fiercely, "who thinks only of the love that gratifies itself. But there is a better and greater love, which refuses all happiness, and deliberately chooses suffering, rather than let the shadow of sorrow pass over a beloved head. Oh why should I speak of that love to you?—to you, the prosperous, noble lady, who brought your husband a rich dower, and an honorable name?"

"What mattered my name and my fortune?" said Lady Crehylls, with some heat. "Geoffrey cared only for me. And I do not understand your words, Madeline. What sorrow would you bring on Mr. Pellew?"

"Do not ask me," returned the girl, mournfully; "let your father tell you, if he will. It is by his wish, not mine, that my history has been kept a secret. I am reckless now, and I care not who knows it."

She flung herself on the floor, where she sat with her head drooping forward on her knees, and her long hair covering her like a mantle. For a moment Lady Crehylls contemplated this desponding gloomy figure in silence; then she said in a trembling voice,—"Madeline, I—I have fancied sometimes, that my father had some sorrow weighing on his heart, but I never guessed it had aught to do with you. If by sharing the secret, I could take the burden of it, I would; but if not, I will not ask him for it."

"As you please," said Madeline, in the quiet tone of hopelessness.

"Understand me, my dear," continued Lady Crehylls, leaning over her anxiously: "I am a wife. I can have no secrets from my husband; therefore I dare not ask my father to tell me anything, which may pain him to let Geoffrey know."

Madeline's head sank still lower, and her small hands covered her face.

"Ah, guard your happiness," she returned, in the same low tone; "perfect confidence is the keystone of married peace. Say no more to me of love and marriage, for if I became a wife, my heart would be a sealed book to my husband forever."

Lady Crehylls looked grieved and frightened; she drew back a little, saying, "You are, doubtless, the best judge yourself, Madeline, of the course you ought to follow. Perhaps you have done right to reject Maurice Pellew."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEBSTER'S COURTING DAYS.—The courting days of Daniel Webster, the statesman, were pleasant ones. The following story has been told of his love-making:—"He was then a lawyer. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher he had, probably with a view to utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying, 'Grace, we have long been engaged in untying knots, let us see if we cannot tie a knot, one which will not untie in a lifetime.' He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. In the little box marked by him with the words 'precious documents,' containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found—the knot never untied."

Because women fail to be married it does not follow that their lives are altogether failures. Some of the truest and best women who have lived have been old maids. They have lived and labored for others, hiding, often, sorrows too deep and sacred for the public eye. Miss Kate Sanborn, in a recent lecture in Boston upon the "Spinster Authors of England," mentions a long list. Among them were Queen Bess, Miss Carter, Catharine Talbot, Hannah More, Anna Seward, Jane Austen, Jane Porter, Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Taylor, Miss Milford, Harriet Martineau, Matilda Betham, Mary Berry, Caroline Herschell, Elizabeth Smith and Helen Maria Williams.

Conceit is generally proportionate with high station, and the greatest geniuses have not been entirely free from it; what indeed is ambition but an immoderate love of praise?

LETTY'S LOVER.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

My story is a true one, an incident from real life—my own life; that is to say, an incident in which I was concerned. One objection, however, occurs to me: the hero of my story may probably recognize his portrait, and "cut up rough" about it; for the thing is of recent occurrence; but after all, if I change the names, I do not see that it can matter to him, even if he chance to see it.

Some short time ago, then, you must understand, I left town to pay a visit to the paternal mansion—I ought to say maternal—since my mother was a widow. I had been summoned thither by an urgent appeal, and on an occasion of the greatest importance. My youngest sister was going to be married. Of course it is very wicked to have a favorite sister, but I confess the wickedness on my part. I had a favorite sister, and this was the youngest—Letty—of whom I had heard that she was about to commit matrimony. In the first place, I felt a little injured on the subject. I had been building a castle, in which my pet sister reigned queen, by my own fireside; and now that was knocked to pieces. In the next place, my conscience reproached me. I began to think that I ought to have managed to be more at home, seeing that my sisters were orphans, and my mother was a widow. They were not penniless; they might even, I thought, be considered catches by adventurous wolves on the look-out for prey; and there were many such adventurers prowling about the world. Ought I not, therefore, to have kept a closer guard over the sheepfold? And then, women are so easily taken in!

All these reflections made me uneasy, and when I got out at the small country station and found no one there to meet me, though I had specified my train, I was not in an amiable frame of mind.

I went up to the drive, and saw my dear old mother at the drawing room window, looking out for me. The sight of that good old face, smiling, and a little agitated, ought to have dissipated my ill-humor, but it didn't do anything of the sort. It rather gave me an additional stab. Letty always used to come out to meet me, and why didn't she do so now? It was too bad; too early to cast off her old friends indifferently, simply because a wolf had got into the fold, and meant to devour her. She did come to meet me at the door, however; she kissed me just as heartily as if I had not been feeling cross, and put out, and injured.

When the salutations were over, an uneasy silence fell upon us, as was natural under the circumstances, and we were driven to exchange ideas concerning the weather. "Well," I said at last, "when is it to be?"

It was quite unnecessary for me to be more explicit; there was but one "it" for those infatuated people just then.

"On Thursday," said my mother.

"Thursday!" said I. "Why, to-day is Thursday, and I am a whole week too soon."

"You don't mean to grudge us a week, James?" said my mother.

To this speech I made no immediate answer.

"I suppose it's rather a sudden affair," said I, "as I never heard anything of it before."

"What is he?" (meaning the wolf.)

"Well, James," said my mother, "the fact is——"

"He is a farmer," broke in Letty.

"Yes, James," said my mother, quietly.

"A tenant farmer," said Letty.

What were my presentiments and forebodings to such a state of affairs as this?

"What's the man's name, mother?" I suddenly asked.

"I can't think why you speak like that, James," said she. 'His name is Scott."

"Stephen Scott, yeoman," added my brother Richard.

"Well, I don't like it," said I. "I can't help saying that I don't like it. I can't help feeling that I stand in some sort in my father's place towards the girls. I wish I had done my duty better, and—mother, since he seems to me not a fit person—you know, you must not ask me to give Letty away."

"Very well, James," said she.

I believe I must have made myself churlishly disagreeable during that visit. I know that it was the most uncomfortable week I ever spent. I refused to talk about Mr. Scott, as of course Letty would have liked me to do. I believe she coaxed me out for walks on purpose; but I always kept away from the subject, until one day, as we were passing the Manor House, I stopped to look at a splendid bay mare which a groom was exercising. Then we looked at the smooth green lawn, the rhododendrons, and the neatly-kept drive up to the house.

"Ah, Letty," said I, "now that's the sort of place that I should have liked for you."

"Well," retorted Letty, "that was a farm-house once."

"Once," said I; "yes, there's all the difference. I can't think of you as a farmer's wife, and I won't try."

"I read up all about cheesemaking the other day," said Letty, demurely, "but it was in a very old book indeed, and the presses are different now. I don't think my arms would be strong enough for the old-fashioned ones. And I'm very fond of little pigs."

"Little pigs, indeed?" I exclaimed. "Where is the—the farm, Letty?"

"Over there," she replied, nodding towards the west. "But it's within riding distance. Mr. Scott will be here on Tuesday. I dare say he will ride over with you the next day, and show it to you."

"Indeed he won't," said I. "I shan't be here on Tuesday. I've got some business to do."

"Where, James?" she asked.

"At Liverpool," I replied.

"Liverpool," she repeated. "Well, but you will be back on Tuesday night."

"I shall, if I find it possible."

"By the 7·30 train?" inquired Letty.

"If I can," I replied.

I did find it possible, as I knew beforehand that I should. But we none of us dislike to hold back under entreaty, to make the thing entreated for more important.

I got my business over and went down to the landing-stage, and from there on board the packet for Birkenhead. There were a good many passengers, and either I got a slight push from one of them, or else my foot struck against something on the deck; anyhow, I stumbled awkwardly. I shall never forget the supreme indifference, the lazy strength of the action, which saved me from falling outright. The gentleman who perpetrated this action was half-sitting, half-lounging against the side of the steamer, and the only portion of his body that moved was his right arm, which he flung back indolently to set me upright again, just as he might have turned over a fly that had got on its back.

I turned and looked at him—a tall, broad-shouldered, well-built fellow, a little sunburnt, with fair hair and a darker beard, and the laziest blue eyes I had ever seen—most unmistakably a gentleman, and, as I thought, most unmistakably a lazy gentleman.

I expressed my thanks, raising my hat, upon which he raised his, and murmured something inaudible, for he was too lazy to speak or even to remove the cigar from his lips.

I retreated a little, but kept my eye upon him secretly. Then a lady's bonnet came between us, and looking at that with some impatience, I was attracted towards its owner by the blind fatuity with which she corrected her son, a lad of fifteen or sixteen, for leaning over the side of the packet and flinging pebbles from his pockets into the water. The young gentleman himself evidently resented the slight upon his manhood, for he leaned over further still, and grew more recklessly daring in his movements at every rebuke.

I think we were about half-way across the Mersey when this young gentleman received his punishment. There was a sudden, sharp cry of terror from the lady, a rush towards the side, and then a shout echoed from mouth to mouth of "A man overboard!"

I say nothing of my sensations. I was no swimmer, to begin with, and before I knew thoroughly what had happened, and the boy's danger, I had again caught sight of the lazy gentleman lounging on the boat side. He had taken off his coat, hardly standing upright to do it; and as my eye fell upon him, he threw himself over the side as coolly and with the same air of lazy grace with which he had flung out his arm when I stumbled.

The next time I saw him he was in the wake of the steamer, her engine being reversed for stoppage, and his one arm supported the boy's head above water while he swam with the other. He seemed to have no intention of exhausting his wonderful strength; the very strokes with which he supported himself in the water had a look of lazy comfort; and if he did feel a little anxious as to the progress of the boat which was nearing him, he took care that no one should discover it.

The whole thing occupied but a few minutes. Indeed it appeared to me as if the alarm had just been raised, when I saw the boy delivered, dripping and penitent, to his mother, and the lazy gentleman lounging in his old place. His cigar was in his mouth when he dropped into the river after the lad, and it was in his mouth when he came back. I think he must have had an idea that it was still alight, for he tried if it would draw, took it from his lips, looked at it, muttered "Pshaw! it's wet" and tossed it away. Presuming on his service to myself, I offered him my case. He took a cigar from it, and said, "Thanks." I felt a foolish enthusiasm, which perhaps English gentlemen often feel, but seldom give way to. On this occasion, however, I did give way to it—"I should very much like to shake hands with you," I said.

"Willingly," responded the stranger, and the ceremony was performed.

I kept near to him when we landed, walked behind him up the floating grass-covered pier, and through the toll-gate. At the toll-gate I lost him, and conjectured that he had probably gone into the "Monks-ferry" with his portmanteau, to change his dress, and that I had seen the last of him. I was mistaken. Before I had well seated myself in the train, and seen my luggage labeled, he was walking up the platform in a different dress, carrying his own portmanteau, and swinging it about as if it had been a child's toy. He came straight up to my car and got in; I never saw him look round; I could not tell whether he had seen me or not. He seemed to me to fall naturally and at once into the laziest of lounging postures, and to go to sleep with eyes open; and he never stirred, so far as I could judge, until the train stopped at the station for which I was bound, and I got out. Then he got out too, but he wasn't in any hurry about it. When the train moved on, and he saw me looking about for a porter to move my package—a package in which Letty was interested—to a safer place, he took one hand out of his pocket, after his leisurely fashion, and put it under the cord.

"Shall I move it?" said the lazy gentleman. "Will it do here, beside mine? I suppose they'll send it up to the Grange."

He never waited for an answer, but lifted it as though it had been a band-box, and then led the way out of the station; an uneasy misgiving began to creep over me.

"How the deuce—how on earth do you know who I am?" said I.

"Likeness—to your sister—partly," was the laconic reply.

"And you are——" said I.

"Stephen Scott, at your service," he replied.

I was thinking, not very comfortably, of that week at home, of all my disagreeable speeches about this man, and moreover of tenant farmers in general, and my own ideas respecting them. Such as my thoughts were, he must have known them by instinct, for he stopped all at once, and broke into a short laugh.

"Well, so I am a tenant farmer," said he. "Where's the harm? I am a younger son, with a younger son's portion, and a good bit of practical farming about me; so I have taken the Manor House—you know it?"

I should think I did, rather, seeing that it was the very place I had told Letty I could wish her to have. I made a mental vow to torture her for this trick, which she had practised upon me, forgetting that I had brought it upon myself by my supercilliousness.

"It's the jolliest life a fellow can lead, in my opinion," said Mr. Scott. "And if you'll come down towards September, I'll show you some turnips, and some birds too. My landlord happens to be a relation as well as a landlord.

"Mr. Scott," I began, "I beg of you to believe—that is, to accept my warmest——"

"All right!" he broke in. "Say, 'Stephen,' will you? and I'll say 'Jim.' It's less trouble."

And there was the drive gate, and the house, and Letty's pretty face at the window, looking upon my discomfiture with demure enjoyment. And by-and-by, when I was beginning to recover myself a little, there was my mother, turning, with quiet malice in her voice, upon me.

"So, after all, James," said she, "you mean to give her away!"

MILLIONS never think of a noble thought, but with brute hate of brightness, bay a mind which drives the darkness out of them like hounds.

RESERVE is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good nature.

THE HAIR-PIN.

It is well-known that widespread doubts exist among both the erudite and illiterate as to the utility of the mosquito in the economy of nature, and some extend their skepticism so far as to confess an utter inability to see the point in making corns or bunions an essential feature of man's understanding. And they can do this, it seems, from experience, with all the more certainty of having neither their taste nor their judgment called into question, for the reason that the great mass of humanity, through some secret principle of sympathy gives them either a silent or outspoken support or approval.

But in all cases of conscience where Science fails to bring any general explanation or consolation, Philosophy—that Good Samaritan of the anxious mind—steps forward and offers the balm of her mercy. It is true that the song of the long-billed insect bird of night is no less unpleasant to tired ears, nor do the miniature racks on each toe let up in their excruciating intensity through her agency, yet when she soothingly tells us "that they may have been ordained for some useful purpose beyond our finite ken" to learn, we try to harmonize with the usual plan of existence on this basis, and resignedly hope it is so.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist concerning these subjects, it is gladdening to note the fact that in other factors equally potent in the sum of human life, the testimony and belief of mankind is a unit. Thus look where we may, we find no variation of sentiment regarding the hair-pin and its mission. Whether examined merely superficially, or with that far-reaching and deep-penetrating spirit of research which brings to light the slightest details, there is but one feeling of unanimity and accord among all.

The precise date of the invention of this article is lost in the mist of ages. Conjecture, however, hazards, and probability supports the assertion that it was cotemporary with the first woman. The foundation for this belief mainly is, that owing to the impossibility of the female sex living five minutes without its assistance in modern times, it would imply a striking contradiction to suppose she could ever dispense with it in former ages. But apart from this, it might be sufficiently easy, if need be, to gather mountains of positive circumstantial evidence tending to the same end. Without attempting to guess how she could have done up her back hair unless by its aid—and this, perhaps, is its least common application—how had the thousand and one delicate household duties specially belonging to its province been accomplished, were not the glorious light of its discovery mingled with the dawn of her earliest day? The gentle mind starts back appalled at the idea, and reflects that the hairpin must be accepted as a materiality coeval with the original appearance of the softer sex, or the careers of our primal mothers considered as barren, joyless deserts, and as aching voids.

Women, as a rule, act according to and for a certain standard of perfection. Its truth is apparent in everything she does. All are aware that in struggling to reach this point in washing a refractory son's face preparatory to school, she generally abrades a greater or lesser per centage of the boy's cuticle, and in cutting his hair for sanitary or purely ornamental considerations, a similar tendency to the ideal is evinced in the extraordinary scallops and swaths developed by her artistic fancy and scissors. So in her less elevated, but still self-sacrificing scrubbing of the floor or stairs, the acme of her cleanly aspirations seems never attained unless the missionary hair-pin—in the breathing spells of the rag and brush—is brought from her skull and raked and poked in cracks and crevices till the smallest atom that ever bore the name of dust is brought to the light of day, and immolated on the altar of her detersive frenzy.

But some of this little article's metaphysical bearings on her nature are even more remarkable. None of the sex ever reached the highest pinnacle of martyrdom, but through its co operation. The pages of history are not without many proofs of female constancy and fortitude under the most trying circumstances, but only by it is the full extent of her devotion made visible. Some have smilingly walked to the terrible engines of torture with loving words and soft caresses, but it were folly to compare their patience with hers who stands before the glass with hair down over her eyes, two new bonnets just stepping round the next corner and not a hair pin in sight in order to make herself presentable at the front window to survey them! Well may she imagine that the separate agonies of earth and elsewhere have clubbed together out of the purest malice, and struck her in a bunch.

This spontaneous quality of disappearing inopportunely, while not peculiar to hairpins, is possessed by them in a high degree of excellence. There is not a living woman who could not if she would tell of the numberless times upon times she was sure she placed her hairpins in a certain spot on the table, and when she came to look for them, found them crawling all over the house from the garret to the cellar, and it also happens on these occasions that changes of the head of the establishment taking them to scrape out the bowl of his filthy old pipe, are not unconnected with the phenomenon. Yet if she afterwards should remember using one to untie a "black-knot" in Katie's shoestring downstairs, and another to investigate a suspicious looking joint in the spare bedstead upstairs, it may lessen her wonder at their propensity to lose themselves, but certainly does not increase her disposition to acknowledge that the "old man" and his smoking apparatus were not in some degree instrumental in their wandering.

But bidding a truce to its character as a material and moral agent, a natural inference, from the fact of its being one of the pioneers of feminine development, and one of her most faithful allies in the work of civilization, is that its perpetuity must also be coextensive with her own. Always utilitarian, however, and benevolent in its intentions, if not in its results, the considerate and fair-minded, while often wondering at its vagaries, will never cease to entertain a proper modicum of esteem for and reverance—albeit not unmixed with awe of the erratic but philanthropic hairpin.

P. H. D.

A MUSICAL PIGEON.—A high authority on the peculiarity of birds and animals writes that once he was staying at a friend's house, whose daughter was a fine performer on the harpsichord, and observed a pigeon, which, whenever the young lady played the song of "Cheri-si," in Handel's opera of "Admetus" (and this only), would descend from an adjacent dove-house to the room-window where she sat, and listened to it apparently with the most pleasing emotions; and when the song was finished it always returned immediately to the dove-house.

In thy apparel avoid singularity, profuseness, and gaudiness. Decency is halfway between pretense and neglect. The body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of that shell.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not a fig for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

WHEREVER a proposition is self-evident, it is but weakening its strength to bring forward arguments in its support.

Bear with your neighbor's defect, that he in return may put up with yours.

A GENTLE reply to scurrilous language is the most severe revenge.

NEWS OF INTEREST

An Anglo-Afghan dictionary is soon to be published.

Gough's addresses are pronounced by the London Echo "weak in detail, but strong in outline."

The Vienna Political Correspondence says there is no truth in reports of the ill health of the Czar.

Germany turns out annually 350 doctors, thoroughly educated, about 100 of whom emigrate to foreign parts.

Shere Ali, the Ameer of Cabul, has a nook nose, a full under lip, arched eyebrows—showing disdain and a mild expression generally.

Paul Boyton has received an order for 300 of his life preservers from the French Government, and is to return to this country shortly.

There are still a few bottles left of Chateau Lafitte of the renowned comet vintage of 1811. This wine has reached at auction in Paris $32.50 a bottle.

Miss Anna Dickinson is now living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York. She spends her days in writing a play and her evenings at the theatres.

The popularity of Dickens in this country may be judged from the fact that there have been published here no less than 24 different editions of his works.

William Andrews, owner of the dory Nautilus, which is still on exhibition at Paris, has realized some $20,000 out of the admissions to see the famous little craft.

The latest wrinkle in Paris, among the dandies, is to have small hooks and eyes sewed on the bottom of trousers, in order that they may be fastened up in rainy weather out of the mud.

The Emperor William continues to be feeble, notwithstanding all flattering reports to the contrary. He is irritable and he retires early. In his occasional strolls the Empress watches him constantly.

M. L. Sullivant, famous a few years ago for his immense farming operations in Illinois, and known as "the Corn King," is completely bankrupt. The 10,000 acres in his farms will be divided up and sold.

Mrs. Bloomer, who did not originate, but who first publicly advocated the wearing of the costume which bore her name, is living at Council Bluffs, Iowa. The originator of the costume was a daughter of Gerritt Smith.

A father and his son were simultaneously married to a mother and her daughter, at Maysville, Ind. The younger couple had been courting for a long time, but the parents, 50 and 51, went into wedlock on a sudden impulse.

A respectable lady in Lewistown, Me., has become a kleptomaniac, and her friends have published a notice requesting merchants to watch her, and, should she take anything, make no scandal, but send the bill to them.

The Crown Prince of Sweden may be described as a long, dangling boy, with legs like a pair of compasses in trousers; he is very young and very tall, wears eye glasses, and looks as shy as a schoolboy at his first "grown-up" party.

The Edison of Hart County, Ga., is John Laird, a boy of 17. He has whittled out the best fiddle in the county, and made himself a photographic apparatus with which he takes pictures superior to the traveling artists. The lenses in his camera were taken from an old magic lantern and ground on a grindstone.

Garibaldi's chief gratification at Caprara is to be carried down to the seashore early in the morning, and to spend hours in the contemplation of the sea. The evening is generally devoted to music, in which Garibaldi, who is said to have a fine, powerful voice, joins occasionally.

Mrs. Diana Haines was made insane in Mount Gilead, Ohio, by a false report that she was heiress to $100,000, the sudden elation and disappointment unbalancing her reason. She tried to commit suicide and was sent to an asylum. Lately $700,000 was really bequeathed to her, but she will not believe it.

The Duke of Connaught, it is reported, has ordered a charming silver-mounted leather belt to be made in London for the Prussian Princess, his betrothed. Among the scent bottles, tablets, &c., suspended from this belt is a cigarette case. The Duke is quoted as approving of the young lady's indulgence in the Spanish custom of cigarette smoking.

While Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Westminster, and other highly respected men in England are earnestly advocating the opening of the museums and picture galleries on Sunday, Mr. Walter, of the Times, and others as well known, have, at an Oxford Diocesan Conference, been recommending to churchmen throughout the diocese the better observance of the day.

A Boston child was at the point of death from water on the chest. Its parents would not consent to a surgical operation, although told that nothing else could save its life. The physician got a priest and several nuns to interfere, but their arguments had no effect. At length the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children took forcible possession of the little patient, who was then cured by the physician.

Mr. Bowman, of Michigan, was a henpecked husband. He bore it as long as he could, and then took to the woods, where he had built a hut under the roots of a fallen tree, ate nuts and roots, and hid from his wife. He was not discovered until two weeks after his disappearance, and then Mrs. Bowman, made repentant by sorrow at his absence, induced him to return home by promising to hen-peck him no more.

Dean Stanley was invited by Bishop Williams to visit him at Middletown, Ct., and on the arrival of the train at Boston junction, the Bishop stood on the platform waiting to receive him. The Dean on meeting him looked higher and higher, until he saw his face, and his first remark was, "I did not know you were so tall." To which the Bishop replied, "I did not know you were so short." And they both laughed heartily.

A Newer and Fresher Lustre

is imparted to beauty by LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which invests the complexion with unwonted clearness, and emphasizes the effect produced by pleasing features and a graceful figure. There is no superficial blemish which it will not remove, and the roughest skin is rendered as soft as velvet by its use. No injurious minerals enter into its composition; consequently it may be applied with the utmost freedom and safety. It is, in fact, the only preparation of the sort without a drawback.

Hearing Restored. Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. John Garmore, Lock Box 908, Covington, Ky.

SMILES AND TEARS.

Rain helped to raise and nurse the flowers
When timely sunshine cheer'd;
'Twixt tears and smiles, these lovely bowers
In Heaven's wise ways were reared.
Through tears in turn with smiles they live,
These flowers with souls of glee;
Their sighs unto the wind they give
And so, my love, may we.

For love where suns unceasing shine,
Few flowers can fragrant be;
The life with which no clouds combine,
Is not for you and me.
Then let us both in Nature's way,
Pass through the changing hours;
With smiles receive the sunny day,
With love and hope the showers.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XX.

A cruel day dawned for Felix Lonsdale—a day when the sun shone so brightly and with such heat that grass, flowers, and leaves withered beneath his fervent rays, when a golden haze seemed to lie over the land, and the brooks ran slowly over the pebbles beneath them—a day when the wind was still, and not the faintest whisper of a breeze stirred the leaves or blossoms—a cruel day. He remembered it all through his life, for the warm sunlight seemed suddenly to change into a fire that burned him, everything bright and fair appeared to wither before his eyes. It was a day which brought him a pain that never quite left him while life lasted.

He was in his office in the High Street—the office that had once borne such signs of prosperity—where the great iron safes had been filled with deeds, and huge bill-files had been loaded with documents—where the tables had been strewn with papers and letters—where busy clerks had passed the day, all too short for the work they had to do—where people were always going and coming with the air of having important business on hand.

It was all so different now. One by one the clerks had gone—there was nothing to do. One by one the neighboring squires and farmers had withdrawn their business from the old office. There was so little to transact now that Felix could manage with one clerk. Still he had hope. He felt sure that in time this state of things must improve. When people began to think calmly, they would know that his father was innocent of that which had been imputed to him.

Felix was seated in his office. It was too warm for business—no one came in. There were no messages, no interviews—he had nothing professional to do. The clerk was busy copying a deed, and Felix was making the most of his time by writing an essay upon the "Inequalities of British Law."

Suddenly the postman's knock was heard in the quiet street, where on that scorching day even the very houses seemed to sleep. The sound did not interest Felix; he expected no letter. Violet seldom sent him a little note; when she did so, it was like the finest cordial to him—he worked the better for it—he was happier and brighter. Perhaps, if she had known how happy those letters made him, she would have written oftener.

Presently, to his surprise, came the sharp sudden knock of the postman at his own door. The clerk quickly disappeared, and then returned and placed a letter in his hands—a lady's letter, with a faint odor of violets. He opened it and looked at the signature—"Martha Haye."

It was from Violet's mother. What could she have to say to him? It was an invitation probably. He put aside his essay, and began to read the note.

"My dear Felix,—That which I have to say will pain you, I know; but I cannot help it—it must be said. The engagement between you and my daughter must come to an end. The circumstances under which I gave my consent were quite different from those subsisting at present. Your prospects have quite altered. If you marry my daughter now, you cannot keep her in anything like the position in which she lives even at present; and I am not willing to see her become a mere domestic drudge. Mr. Haye and myself wish the engagement to end at once, as under no circumstances could we consent to the marriage. Violet sends her love, and desires me to say that all this is written by her wish, and that she hopes always to be your friend. She is going away on a long visit to one of her relatives. Hoping you will see the necessity for this step, I am yours very sincerely,

"Martha Haye."

He read it through, at first with the feeling and conviction that it must be a practical joke, then with a deadly assurance that they were going to take Violet from him. The handsome worn face grew deadly pale; a dazed dim look came into his eyes; a great tearless, voiceless sob rose to his lips; the sunlight seemed to change to a blood-red mist and a sound like the roar of distant waters filled his ears. He sat with the letter open in his hand, dazed as a man who had received a terrible blow.

How long he sat he never knew; it seemed to him that years of agony, years of torture, rolled over his head. He was literally stunned. He had borne all his sorrows with a brave strong heart because he had a true hope, a beautiful warm love. To take that from him was to leave him with no ground to stand on.

Slowly thought and reason came back to him. He rose, still with the open letter in his hands, with a white set look on his handsome haggard young face which might have touched a heart of stone. He took his hat from the stand, and the clerk looked after him with a terrified gaze, wondering what could have happened to him.

"There was bad news in the letter," he said, "but where has he gone with it open in his hand like that?"

More than one person whom Felix met asked themselves the same thing, more than one spoke to him; but he did not hear—he walked on, looking straight before him, his eyes fixed on vacancy, his white set face without change or expression, until he reached the Limes. What he suffered as he passed the old landmarks, the trees, the stiles, the lilac-bushes at the gate, was known only to Heaven.

He went straight into the house, and Mrs. Haye herself was the first person that he met.

She was half frightened when her eyes fell upon his face; so unlike was it to any face she had ever seen, so changed by his great woe, she could hardly recognise it. She held out her hand to him with some commonplace words of welcome. He did not hear them.

"Come in here," he said; and, taking her arm, he led her into the nearest room. "Tell me," he asked, "did you write this?"

There was nothing to be said but the truth, yet in all her life Mrs. Haye had never been more frightened. She had to deal with a desperate man.

"Yes, I wrote it, Felix; it was wisest, kindest, best."

"And you say that Violet is willing—that Violet knows about it?"

"I wrote it with her express sanction," she replied.

"It is false! I would not believe you if you swore it! I will not believe it! Heaven is not so cruel."

"There is no cruelty in it," said Mrs. Haye; "it is what must be done."

"Must be done! Do you know that she is my life itself, that I have no life apart from her, no hope that does not begin and end with her? If you take her from me, you leave a dead body—she is my soul itself!"

He paused, for the passion of his words overcame him. How was he to tell this woman what Violet, his beautiful love, was to him? How weak and impotent words were!

"I know that you are very fond of her," Mrs. Haye said gently; "still it cannot be—it cannot indeed."

"Will you tell me why you have done this cruel deed? What is your motive?"

"Because you cannot afford to marry; you must not burden yourself with a wife."

"Surely know best. I can work—I do work. I work night and day, with that one hope before me of making my darling my wife. She loves me, she knows what our trouble is, she is willing to wait a few months longer, and then to share my lot. It will be brighter in time; everything will come right for us yet: I have no fear."

"I am not willing, her father is not willing—we see no use, no sense in the best and brightest years of her life being wasted in waiting for a marriage that, when it comes, will be the worst thing that could happen to her. We are not willing; and I tell you frankly that Violet sees the matter as we do. She wished me to say all this."

"Do you know what you are doing—what you are taking from me? Do you understand," he cried hoarsely, "that you are killing me?"

"I am sorry, of course—it is very hard, I know—but such a life as you offer Violet would kill her."

"I do not believe it!" he cried. "You changed to me when my fortune changed. You were willing enough to give me my darling when you thought that I was the son of a rich man. I shall be rich again in time. I have seen the change in you; you have given me cold looks for kind ones—you have been barely civil where you had been warmly cordial. I understand it—you love Mammon. Wealth, rank, luxury, are more to you than the heart of an honest man. But my darling is not like you, and I will receive the statement you have made from no lips but hers."

"My daughter is not at home, and you will gain nothing from seeing her."

"But you cannot do as you propose: she is engaged to me—she is my promised wife—no man or woman living has the power to break such a bond. She could not break it herself."

"You will find you are mistaken there," said Mrs. Haye. And then Felix saw plainly that it was useless to say more to her—there was something of animosity in her tone. He left her, still holding the open letter in his hand.

"I am sorry for him," said Mrs. Haye, when describing the scene to her husband: "but what can we do? There is one thing that I am really thankful for—he has not the least idea about Sir Owen. I am not nervous, but I do believe that if he suspected what has happened he would kill him."

As Felix left the house to return home, Jennie, a smart housemaid, who had often opened the door for him, and who thought him a noble-looking gentleman, ran after him.

"Do forgive me, sir," she said; "but you have always been so good to me, and I know all about it. I am so sorry for you, sir, that I cannot sleep for thinking of it."

He tried to look indifferent, to smile, but he could not; his pride and self-control broke down at these pitying words.

"Tell me what you know, Jennie," he said.

"They have sent her away, sir, so that you should not see her and persuade her. They have kept it quite a secret where she is gone—no one knows—but I stole into her room and saw her trunk addressed to North Alton, and I know that Mrs. Haye has a cousin living at North Alton. She is gone there, sir, and nowhere else."

"Thank you, Jennie," he said—"you have proved yourself a friend."

Jennie would not take the sovereign he offered her, and the sympathy he read in her eyes cheered him.

"It will be all right when I see Miss Haye," he said. "They have over-persuaded her. She loves me—and I trust her."

CHAPTER XXI.

Felix sent his clerk to Vale House with a note saying that the family were not to be alarmed if he did not return that evening, as he had some important business to transact in a town some miles distant; and Darcy Lonsdale, who was too ill then to feel an interest in anything professional, feebly blessed him as he listened.

"He works hard," said Kate as she read the note; then she sighed, thinking how different matters would have been had Felix loved Evelyn instead of Violet. The Hayes had stood aloof from them in their troubles; they had expressed but little sympathy, and Mrs. Lonsdale felt it keenly. Violet had not been to see them as Eve Lester had been; and Kate sighed again as she thought of the difference between the two girls.

North Alton was quite forty miles from Lilford. Felix knew that the name of Mrs. Haye's cousin was Miss Western. He had often heard Violet laugh about her mother's cousin, who was an old maid. He said to himself that he would go to North Alton by the night train; then he could see Violet in the morning, and be at home again in the evening. He little dreamed that people looked at him earnestly as he went to the station. His handsome young face bore the impress of unutterable sorrow; his eyes were dim and shadowed, with great dark circles round them; his lips were pale and trembling. He had never thought of taking food—he had not even drank a glass of water to cool his parched lips. So ill, so sorrow-stricken, so unlike the handsome, gallant, noble Felix of the day before was he that Mrs. Lonsdale would hardly have known him had she seen him—he looked like the ghost of himself.

When he stood before Violet she uttered a cry of sorrow and dismay. He had left the hotel to go to her aunt's house, and met her just as, dressed for a walk, she was leaving the little front garden. One of Miss Western's manias was early walking. He waited until Violet had gone some little distance down the road, and then he followed her. She gave a little cry, and stood silent and shame-stricken before him. He saw the sorrow, but not the shame, and the sorrow misled him. The dreadful livid pallor, the stony mask, fell from his face as a snow-wreath melts in the warm light of the sun.

"My darling," he cried, "I knew it was false—I knew that you had not said it! Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" He leaned, pale and breathless, against the trunk of an elm-tree. "I believed in you, my darling," he said. "I knew that you had not sanctioned it; you could not—you hold my life in your hands. And why did you come here? Why did you not write to me? Speak to me, Violet, for by the heaven above me I swear that I am going mad!"

She was frightened, scared, at the wild eyes, the hoarse voice, the face so full of pain. She dared not have said to him—"I have made my choice, Felix, between love and gold. I have chosen gold." And, wretched as she was, though she had given him up, and never meant to marry him, her whole heart went out to him with greater warmth and greater love than it had ever gone before. She held out her hands to him, but started at the touch of his; they burnt her like fire.

"You are making yourself ill, Felix," she said.

"Ill!" he repeated—and his laugh was more terrible to her than any words. "How would you feel, Violet, had any one tried to tear the living, beating heart from your body? Oh, my darling, tell me it is not true—tell me so, for Heaven's sake! Say that it is false—that they persuaded you, urged you, wrote without your knowledge! Speak to me quickly, for I am going mad!"

She was only a woman—at the very best a weak one—and she loved even after the weak fashion in which some women love. She could not endure the sight of his pain. She dared not tell him the truth; she did what weak women so often do—she temporised.

"I thought it best, Felix, to—to give you some years free that you might work the better. I should not like to be a burden to you."

He drew a deep breath, like one relieved from an intolerable load, from an unbearable pain.

"Is that all? Oh, my darling, my generous, noble Violet, is that all? I will not reproach you. But why have you given me this terrible fright? I have been almost dead. I am fifty years older with these hours of horrible pain. Why did you not tell me, sweet, what you dreaded? There is nothing to fear, Violet. I am so strong when I think of you that I could work by night and by day, yet never feel fatigued. Such love as mine puts nerve into a man's right hand. Oh, Violet, sweet, you need not fear! You shall have a home as beautiful as love can make it. You shall have a life so easy and so free from care that when it ends you will look back in wonder to see how it has passed. You shall never know pain or fatigue that I can save you from. You shall be served and waited upon and attended to unceasingly."

She made him no answer, but her hands touched his gently.

"A burden!" he repeated. "You are afraid of being a burden to me! Oh, Violet, life of my life, I ought to laugh at you! Sweet burden that I would fain carry until death claims me! Would to Heaven that the time were near when I could make the dear burden all mine!"

Still she had not the courage to look at him and say, "I love you, but I love riches better—I have chosen them instead of you." She had not the courage to say it in that hour. She was frightened even to remember it.

"You will never feel this fear again, Violet, will you?" he said, speaking more like himself than he had yet. "It is so absurd—yet perhaps it is natural to a sensitive mind like yours. I am sane now, but I have been mad. Does my face alarm you? You need only laugh at it, sweet. I have forgotten to eat and to drink since your mother's letter came. The sun was shining brightly and warmly, but it seemed to change all at once into a scorching fire-ball, and I went mad. Yet I did not lose my faith in you, Violet. I knew that you would never have spoken as your mother did, never have written as she did. I can forgive her; it is only natural that she should think so much of you. No man could seem good enough for you. I am not good enough, but I love you so dearly that my great love stands in the place of great riches or great rank."

Still she uttered no word—she dared not tell him the truth.

"You are strangely silent, Violet," he said. "Have I frightened you?"

"No," she replied; "but you have startled me—you look so ill, Felix, and so unlike your own self."

"No wonder, my darling," he returned. "But I will not startle you again—I will remember how sensitive you are."

She looked up at him with a smile—so sirens smile at the men they lure to destruction.

"Felix," she said, "you should not love me so much, dear—you know what I have always told you about idols of clay."

"I cannot help it; my mission in life is to love you."

"I cannot ask you to come in and see me," she said. "Miss Western does not like gentleman; she never receives visitors."

"My darling, I must hasten home," he told her. "But you have not informed me why you came here, Violet."

"Mamma wished me to come. I was not quite strong—I wanted a change."

"And why did you not write to me, sweet?" he continued.

She paused one moment. Should she tell him or not? No—she could not; she loved him too much, and she was somewhat ashamed. She found an excuse; there was no need for it to be a very good one to satisfy him.

"I knew you were true to me, Violet," he said. "I knew it was your mother who had persuaded you—who had written that cruel letter without your sanction, perhaps without your knowledge."

"I knew that she was going to write it," Violet told him—but he was not afraid even then. No man is so completely blind as a man in love.

"Then you sanctioned it to try me—you sanctioned it to see how much I loved you? Listen, Violet sweet—I shall go home and I shall work as no man ever did. I shall begin at once to get your house ready for you—I shall wait no longer—and when it is ready, if your mother does not give her consent, I shall run away with you. Do you hear, my darling; I shall do as Jock o' Hazledean did."

She laughed faintly. Even then she had not the courage to say, "The letter was all true, and I have given you up of my own accord." Even then she deceived him by her look and smile, if not by her words.

"I must not stay longer," he said. "I shall go back home a different man. It is a terrible thing to know that one's fate lies altogether in the hands of a single creature; but, when they are such true, sweet hands as yours, Violet, there is nothing to fear. I will go back now to my work, which is sweetened by my love. Darling, say once more for me the words I love so dearly—'I belong to you, Felix.'"

She had always said them before while looking up at him with an arch sweet smile, her beautiful eyes seeking his; now the fair face drooped with a burning flush. She was nervous, weak, and guilty, but not guilty enough to repeat those false words.

"I am afraid Miss Western will find you here; Felix," she said; "if she does, she will send for mamma."

"Are you so closely guarded, my darling," he laughed. "Ah, well, never mind! It will not be for long. I shall hasten home; I shall prepare your house; and when it is ready I will take you if all the world should try to prevent me, for you are my own. I shall go home happy because I trust in you and believe in you. I shall never believe that you have changed to me until you tell me so yourself. Good-bye, my darling love of my heart—good-bye!"

She watched him as he went down the high-road, and the impulse was strong upon her to call him back and say to him that she had given him up—that the life of love and struggle that he offered her had no charm for her—that she had weighed both, and had deliberately given the preference to wealth—that he must go home and learn to forget her.

She knew that she was in honor and in conscience bound to tell him this, but she did not. She watched him as he walked down the high-road, knowing that he went away with a sense of hope in his heart that was hereafter to cause him only more deadly pain. The wrong that she did him in letting him leave her with the truth untold was as great as the wrong she had done him in breaking her plighted troth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE, THE ALCHEMIST.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

The old proverb about going through the wood, and choosing the crooked stick at last, is I presume familiar to most people, as well as believed by most. Such was certainly the fact in my case, until I went, not long ago, to visit my old friend Gertrude Graham, for the first time since her marriage.

Gertrude had been a belle almost from her childhood. She was very pretty—of a rare style of beauty. She had ever scores of admirers—some persecutors, I used to think—such as signalised their admiration by pertinacious attentions, often far more annoying than agreeable.

She had passed a gay season in the metropolis, where she gained the admiration that followed her everywhere and always, and her life there had been a scene of brilliant excitement.

When Gertrude returned to her home in the Autumn—the little inland town where society was so narrow, so conventional, such a mere dead level with no wave ever dashing across its surface or breaking its inevitable monotony—I fancy she shrank almost appalled before the reality of the life that lay before her.

It was into the dreariness of this season of her life that the vision of George Elmore intruded. I cannot wonder that he was welcome. His genial, gay nature returned to her much of the bright social element she had lost and mourned. He admired her proud, cold, statuesque beauty; her ivory fairness of complexion; the wide, proud glances of her large blue eyes; and more than all, the brilliant sparkle that flashed, at no distant intervals, across the quiet reserve of her manner.

Gertrude was still young, though older than George Elmore; her years had rolled away in their brightness till they numbered twenty-five, and rival belles were beginning to whisper that she "was, or would soon be, an old maid," while he was scarcely twenty-two.

But Gertrude seemed possessed of the secret of immortal youth, and moved and looked as if age had no power to touch her; and I think she never thought of George Elmore as her junior; in fact, I think she never thought of him at all, save as a pleasant companion who broke the spell of some of the monotonous hours, and wiled away by kind attentions the dreariness that was drawing about her.

Be that as it may, however, her conduct certainly lured the poor young man on to his ruin. For the whole year following her return he was her most assiduous attendant; he accompanied her everywhere; he spent all his disengaged evenings at her house, and, as time wore on, he seldom made any engagements in which she was not concerned. She, too, probably grew more exacting, at least called upon him more freely, as well as more frequently, for the attentions he always gave with such readiness and delight.

So it came to be said, at last, that they would be married soon. George heard it, and was lapped in Elysium by the report. He knew it to be untrue, but it pleased him to believe that he was thought likely to succeed.

Gertrude did not hear of it. Her scorn of gossip, and fierce way of receiving reports of this kind, had taught her intimate caution. Besides, no one actually knew that she had not rejected him.

Meanwhile it was the meekest withholding of an offer, and all overt love-making, that held her quiet. She tried to believe, and perhaps did convince herself, that he sought and offered only friendship.

And so the months slipped away. Others came and went; but George Elmore was so generally considered as her affianced lover that none offered particular attentions which interfered with his.

I think it was this that at last woke her from her dream. She had too long been an acknowledged belle to willingly witness the withdrawal of the outspoken admiration which had always been her tribute. She began to tire of George Elmore, and to remember the distinguished courtesies from distinguished men of which she had been the recipient.

She was naturally, and by habit, too reticent and reserved to accord always with his gay frank temper. He had no reserves. The windows of his soul were always open. He who glanced got a view of all that was within, while Gertrude, more chary of the wealth of her inner life, zealously closed every aperture against admittance. The world found no entrance there.

A very slight rupture, the smallest disagreement, soon rends the bond between persons so different in tastes and habits.

In a little time after the discoveries I have recorded were made, it was observed that the intimacy between Gertrude Graham and George Elmore had ceased. George no longer visited her; she was no more seen in his company. And then the gossips proclaimed that she had jilted him—proclaimed it while really knowing nothing whatever about the matter, except the mere outward aspects and circumstances of which I have spoken.

George was disappointed and chagrined. He was not very brave, and did not try to put a good face upon the matter. She wore her usual impenetrable reserve. No one knew whether she suffered. No one pitied, or lamented over her, or sympathized with her. All emotions of that kind were lavished on him who made evident manifestations of grief.

But that is the way of the world, and it need not cause any surprise. He wept, and drank brandy, and went to the bad.

She fought resolutely, and gained the victory over her own heart and the weary trials created by this disappointing friendship. She could not fail to know something of the irritating calumnies that were afloat; but she never mentioned them—never seemed to feel them worth the trouble of refuting. She simply, in calmness and silent dignity, lived them down.

And after they had died in silence and forgetfulness, she encountered Edward Forbes. He was older than herself—a man who had seen life in many phases, and knew its dark side as well as its fairer aspect. He judged people and things wisely and calmly.

He saw that Gertrude was lovely, and that she had suffered. Grief gave its loveliest and most enticing aspect to her wonderful calm beauty, and he believed that she was as good as she was beautiful. A heaven of ineffable purity lay in the glances of her calm, blue eye. Sadness had not corroded her fairness any more than slander had dimmed the pure lustre of her soul. An unstained whiteness enveloped her entire being, and he revelled in the knowledge that he had at last met one in every good aspect superior to her sex not less than to his.

Gertrude Graham had met her fate at last. Friendship was swallowed up in love. The hour of her destiny had come, and she loved with the simple abandon and unquestioning devotion of the maiden of sixteen yielding to her first passion.

She knew men well, few better, and her long belle-hood had given her the opportunity to learn their selfishness, their conceit—a thousand traits some women never learn; but from the first she believed in Edward Forbes, and her tutored judgment was not deceived.

He was not known as an humble man. He had confidence in himself, and with some right; but he grew almost supple in his humility when he knew and loved her. His fate lay in her hands, and he was glad it lay in the grasp of those fair fingers.

And thus it came about that my friend Gertrude, after her long and triumphant belle-hood, encountered her deepest grief and her greatest joy. Sorrow had given her a touching humility. She had once believed that only the highest station, the most regal talent, could tempt her.

Mr. Forbes was a man of good education, and a member of one of the learned professions; but no celebrity attached to his name. He possessed only a small competence, and lived in a country house upon the few patrimonial acres he possessed, in a quiet seclusion, his aged housekeeper and his books his sole companions.

And here I lately spent a happy week with Gertrude and the husband of her choice. I found her perfectly satisfied and happy; yet this happiness fell short of the bright and beautiful fate which she had once dreamed was hers.

I have no more to write. Love transforms character and life itself. Love is a wonderful alchemist, and reveals the hidden gold long buried beneath preposterous shams; and a little of it ensures happiness where love is.

CHINESE BARBER SHOP.—Among the Chinese no toilet is considered complete which does not involve a shaving of a greater portion of the head and neck, a thorough cleansing of the eyes, ears and nostrils, and even a trimming and pencilling of the eyebrows and lashes. Razors, probes, and lancets of peculiar construction are among the instruments used by these skilful artists. Every Chinaman of adult years regards an occasional tonsorial experience as a sacred duty. The closely-shaven head must be scraped over often to preserve the appearance so much desired. In the city all the barber-shops of the Chinese have a peculiar sign at the doorway indicative of the occupation. It is a four-legged frame, the legs painted green, and the top knobs red.

MONKEYS IN INDIA.—Monkeys in India are more or less objects of superstitious reverence, and are, consequently, seldom or ever destroyed. In some places they are even fed, encouraged and allowed to live on the roofs of the houses. If a man wishes to revenge himself for any injury committed upon him, he has only to sprinkle some rice or corn upon the top of his enemy's house or granary just before the rains set in, and the monkeys will assemble upon it, eat all they can find outside, and then pull off the tiles to get at that which falls through the crevices. This, of course, gives access to the torrents which falls in such countries, and house, furniture and stores are all ruined.

THE NAME OF THE CAT.—The East Indian names of the cat are easily explained. The cat is "the house-wolf," the "rat-eater" though snakes are the rulers of some districts, and the "foes of mice." The most endearing title of the cat comes from the land whence the most pleasing specimens of the race are also derived. The Persian cat, wild or tame, is "puschak," and the Lithuanians, as old a race as any in Europe, "puije." The English "puss" is clearly of the same family of words. If "puss" in the long run is derived from a Sanscrit word for a "tail," there is a curious coincidence between the word used by Herodotus for the Egyptian cat, "the creature with waving tail," and the term found in Persian, Lithuanian, and English.

DRIED EGGS.—An establishment in St. Louis dries eggs by the hundred thousand. The eggs are broken, the yolk and white separated from the shell, the liquid dried by a patent heating process, and the dried article, which resembles brown sugar, is put in barrels for transportation. The dried article has been twice taken across the Equator in ships, and on being made into omelets proved to be as nice as fresh eggs.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"For Percival" has been one of the leading features of Lippincott's Magazine during the past year, and is now published by them in attractive book form with illustrations. The scene is laid in a refined sphere of English life, and while the plot is free from sensational effects, it is not deficient in interest and color; the characters are well drawn and possess those salient points which sustain their individuality prominently in the story.

"Stock Breeding; a practical treatise on the Applications of the Laws of Development and Heredity, to the Improvement and Breeding of Domestic Animals." The above is the title of a book by which its author, Manly Miles, M. D., gives a valuable and interesting treatise on the subject of stock breeding, and the art of improving it. As the author states in his preface, the importance of live stock to the farmer makes a systematic and practical work on the subject of incalculable benefit, as there are many principles and facts connected with it which if more widely known would add much to the success and improvements of stock breeding. This volume is full of practical statements quoted from men of experience, which are like graphic illustrations of the subjects discussed, among which are "Heredity of Diseases," "Variation," "In and In Breeding," "Cross Breeding," "Relative Influence of Parents," "Intra-Uterine Influences," "Pedigree," and form of animals as an index of qualities, the latter is illustrated from life by the animal artist, John R. Page. A volume of such valuable information and reference for farmers should have great success. Published by Appleton; of New York.

"Just How; a Key to the Cook Books," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is just what the name indicates, and is a handy little volume which will be a boon to the uninitiated as well as the experienced, for it unlocks the door of the mysteries of cooking which frequently are an insurmountable barrier to those who want to do well but don't know exactly how. Besides giving a varied list of popular practical recipes, it explains in graphic detail all the minor requisites of preparing them, with useful hints and explanation of the preliminaries, and things to work with as well as how to use them, with explanations of various measures used comparatively. The closing chapters contain some excellent bills of fare, simple in material and practical hints to carry them out. Altogether it fully realizes to the reader "Just How" to do it. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia.

"Dosia;" a Russian story, by the renowned author, Henry Greville, and which has been crowned by the French Academy as the prize novel of the year, has been translated by Mary Neal Sherwood, and published by Peterson Bros. in their cheap form. Price 75 cents. The opening scenes are near St. Petersburg, and give another of those interesting descriptions of Russian life, for which the author is famous, and the plot possesses all the brilliancy of style and strength of character which have made her writings so attractive.

Appletons have added to their "Handy Volume Series" a short story by Francis Eleanor Trollope, entitled "John-'a-Dreams," in which the plot and characters are interesting, but the denouement is rather left to the readers' imagination; but this only carries out one of the popular styles of fiction. They publish in the same series "Raymonde," by Andre Theuriet, which is written in his usual simple but artistic conception of character.

Harper Bros., of New York, have published an attractive volume on "Villages and Village Life, with Hints for their Improvement," by Nathanial Hillyer Egleston, in which the author discusses quite forcibly the comparative merits and attractions of town and country life, with a decided partiality toward the latter if its natural resources for supplying real, genuine enjoyment of life, were developed instead of allowing the stream to pursue its sluggish, undisturbed course. He suggests to those who live in the country how much more elevated and pleasure-giving their lives and surrounding society might become by utilizing those resources which lie around them, besides giving equally happy suggestions on making country homes more attractive externally by simple means. The importance of drainage is well discussed, and practical suggestions given on roads, bridges and the preservation of the forests, village schools and libraries also receive attention, and if the practical advise given on all these suggestions were carried out it could be well said that God made the country.

MAGAZINES.

The monthly supplement of the "Popular Science Monthly," published by Appleton, is a mine of useful knowledge, in which are some especially interesting articles. W. H. Mallock has an article on "Faith and Verification;" "Origin of the Culinary Art," by Prof. Schultze; "Ether Drinking and Extra Alcoholic Intoxication," by Dr. Richardson; "What I Saw in an Ant's Nest," by Dr. Andrew Wilson; "The Law of Surnames," and several others.

The Scribners have published their bound volume of St. Nicholas for 1878, and its attractions, not only in contents but in binding cannot fail to delight all who become the happy possessors of one. The cover is in rich red cloth, with a bright gold and red illustrated title, while its inner lining presents an addition to its former appearance and on lifting the cover reveals a charming surprise, being covered with small graphic illustrations of Mother Goose Melodies executed with excellent effect.

This is only one of the new attractive features constantly presented by St. Nicholas. It may well be accorded the highest position in the list of children's publications, for its contents are drawn from the best sources to be found, and to these attractions are added the most exquisite collection of illustrations contributed by the best artists. It has done much towards banishing pernicious literature from the young, and developing a healthier and purer taste for reading which alone should recommend it to all parents, and even grown people will find in its pages much to delight the eye as well as interest the mind.

The same firm publish "Scribner's Monthly" in two attractively bound volumes. The magazine is already famous for the rich variety of reading matter to which some of our most famous writers contribute, and added to these attractions are the most varied, most artistic style of illustrations, which make it one of the most popular magazines of the day.

LITERARY NOTES.

T. B. Peterson Bros. have in press the story of "Carmen," by Prosper Merimee; being the original from which the opera of "Carmen" has been dramatized.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 16, 1872.

OUR club rates have been reduced to a scale which makes them an object worth working for, and we hope our friends will begin their labors in that field, remembering that the larger the clubs are the lower the rates become.

MR. A. R. GROTE, in a lecture before a society of natural sciences, expressed the opinion that the difference between man and apes is a quantitative and not a qualitative one. He says that the facts known in regard to persons born dumb and blind are sufficient to warrant the statement that the intelligence depends on the senses, and if these are interfered with, either in the structure of the organs or by giving them a limited opportunity for activity, the result is loss intelligence in the individual, be it man or ape, or any other animal.

PEOPLE are apt to imagine there is a great difference between the rich and poor, and in pomp and show there is a great deal, but little as to the satisfaction of life, for they enjoy the same earth, air and heavens, and hunger and thirst oftimes make the poor man's table as pleasant and relished as are the tempting varieties of the rich man's table, and the labor of a poor man is often more pleasant and yields more happiness and less care than the ease and luxury of the rich. It would be a considerable consolation to the poor and discontented could they but see the means whereby the wealth they covet has been acquired and the misery its possession often entails.

WHO would have supposed that even our sweet tooth should have tricks played upon it, and yet it is said that extensive adulteration of molasses is practiced. It is even stated that but a small part of the molasses sold is the genuine article. The substances used are corn syrup, glucose, or a mixture of the two. Some of the mixtures sold as molasses are entirely innocent of cane juice, and have no molasses about them, but a larger part have some small portion of molasses as a basis, "toned up," as they say, with corn syrup or glucose. This last substance is an artificial grape sugar largely manufactured from starch, but also may be made from old rags with sulphuric acid and lime. It certainly is not pleasant to think of old rags in a soluble form being a part of our diet.

PHOTOGRAPHIC art has made another big step in polkilography, or variegated writing. The new process produces effects so closely resembling those of highly finished oil paintings that it takes an expert to detect the difference. Cabinet works of the Dutch school and gallery pictures of Murillo and Veronese have been reproduced by means of this process with process with surprising force and fidelity. The process has the inestimable advantage of being very cheap. Specimens of "polkilographs" are making quite a sensation among the artists in London, and will probably have a great success with us, for anything which helps to bring art productions within the reach of the masses should be encouraged.

THE spirit of economy which is felt by almost everyone at present, compels many to relinquish some of the things which, in contributing to one's pleasure are, often regarded as luxuries, and people are very apt to consider reading matter among those luxuries which can be dispensed with when economy becomes a necessity. But they should not forget that the mind needs nourishment as well as the body, and there is nothing which helps so much to soothe and divert one's mind from anxious cares and troubled thoughts as a good paper which comes like a bright sunny friend fresh from the outside busy world, bringing good cheer. Its weekly visits create a pleasant anticipation, and the variety of enjoyment it brings helps one to forget the petty annoyances and troubles of the hour. In sympathy with these circumstances we have reduced the price of the POST to such rates as will make all its friends feel that it is an economy to take it.

THE OBSERVANCE OF MOURNING.

Society frequently sanctions extremes in certain social customs, the observance of which often carry us far beyond the limits which good sense should define, and while we yield to the force of popular example, which invests with ostentatious display those outward expressions of sentiment which should be characterized chiefly by an extreme simplicity, we would gladly welcome any influence strong enough to rule such customs with an object of reform. There is no custom to which this extreme has more generally extended, than the observance of mourning and all its attendant ceremonies. That sorrow should express itself by outward signs is natural to the human heart, and has been done in all ages of the world; and it is only those who have never felt the pain of parting from any one dear in life, who can imagine it possible to bear a sorrow and make no outward sign.

In various ways all people express their sorrow more or less when they have occasion, and real mourning and such expressions of grief can never be found fault with. But the various complicated arrangements and relations of modern life and the social amenities of highly civilized society have led to an expression of mourning which has become extremely conventional, and has even developed conventional modes of expressing one's grief. It is this conventionalizing of mourning and all the ceremonial tributes of respect we pay to the departed ones that suggests to sensible people the question of reform. Of course the habiliments of woe are far from expressing truly the sorrow which weighs upon one's heart, although grief can find an expression in that attire which is suggestively associated with mourning. Yet frequently the whole of one's grief lies in an excessive amount of crape and the extreme of the border to a mourning card or envelope, while the heart does not respond.

But regardless of contingent circumstances which should guide us in these observances, the tyranny of fashion insists upon certain ceremonies, certain materials and trimming for garments, as absolutely necessary to the eyes of the world for the observance of a proper respect for the dead, and those whose circumstances prevent these observances, are considered as heartlessly lacking in that respect. This tyranny of custom is exercised at a moment when the mind is painfully strained by the events of real sorrow and loss, and others are left to carry out the necessary arrangements.

Heavy expenses are incurred for funeral ceremonies, expensive attire is ordered—all to accord with popular custom, and the result is an expenditure which absorbs much of the small resources left when, perhaps, the chief or only bread winner has been taken and one's resources are cut off. The money which has been used in conforming with the conventional style of mourning and an elaborate display in the incident ceremonies, would perhaps go far towards shielding the helpless ones and keeping the wolf from the door. If society would only sanction the fact that it is not these observances which keep green in one's heart the memory of the dead, nor can "storied urn or animated bust back to its mansion call the fleeting breath," how quickly the relief from these conventionalities would be felt and appreciated.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE manufacturing of cheese in this country is immense, and competes most successfully with that of foreign make. Indeed, much of the cheese which is supposed to be foreign is made in this country and sent abroad and sold under the foreign names.

THE friends of gas say that up to the present time there is nothing in the electric light which threatens to interfere with their prosperity. Still, they keep a keen eye on this infant Hercules, not knowing how soon their new competitor may become possessed of matured vigor, so as to be a powerful antagonist.

IT is to be hoped that the terrible evil of stealing the dead, which has opened a new field of crime, will soon be crushed. There is nothing which should inspire more reverence and respect than the last resting-place of humanity, and crime cannot assume a more repugnant form than when it desecrates the sanctity of the grave.

ONE of the most attractive influences of home in winter is a brightly burning fire in an open fireplace, for who does not love to sit before the warm, glowing light and watch the curling blaze and smoke. It is cheerful even in the face of affliction, and sends out gushes of warmth and brightness, and in watching its gay dancing flames that appear and disappear like pleasant pictures dissolving into each other, it fairly speaks of comfort, and brings pleasant thoughts to banish perplexing cares and sorrows, while it increases tenfold the pleasure derived from reading an interesting book and paper. It is this combination which makes home attractive and checks one's desire for outside wanderings.

IT is said that masculinity of brain or muscle is very apt to develop a growth of superfluous hair on the face, neck and body, and it also seems to be influenced by changed habits of life. A woman who has never had any beard or moustache before entering upon the duties of an occupation requiring masculine energy, strength of purpose and application of great effort, frequently becomes hirsute, and the same is sometimes the result of marriage. In female lunatic asylums the patients are very prone to have beards, and so opposite causes seem to produce similar results, for the women who have usually good brains and exercise them in masculine labors, and those who have no brains at all are both more liable to have superfluous hair than the average mental and active female.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that butchers, though they may be pale and thin when they enter on the business, quickly gain freshness of color and flesh, stoutness and a general comfortable look, although it is a known fact that most of them lose their appetite. Their general well being is attributed to assimilation through the respiratory passages of nutritive juices of the meat volatilized in the air—a kind of nutrition by effusion. If this be really a fact, it is recommended that young people suffering from deficient or impure blood, and especially children of a weak or lymphatic constitution, might be subjected, with advantage to hygienic treatment based upon it.

IT requires great nicety of discrimination to define the line which separates eccentricity from insanity, for the freaks of both frequently find the same expression. A young lady of Milwaukee has recently been put under restraint as a lunatic, but it is asserted in her behalf that she is simply eccentric in dress. She had her hair cut off close and wore wigs of various colors—black one day, yellow the next, and red and so on. There are many other instances of eccentricity which could be quoted, but the chief point suggested is whether it can be insanity. Eccentricity is harmless as it is generally centred on oneself and remains there, but insanity though apparently but an eccentric manner or habit, will suddenly vent itself on some one by a horrible crime.

IT is popularly supposed that the guillotine was invented by Dr. Guillotin, who was the first to be beheaded by it. This is an error. The doctor only suggested the adoption of the instrument, which had long been known, though it had fallen into disuse, to his colleagues, Danton, Marat and the rest of the revolutionists. Far from falling a victim to it, he did not die until May 26, 1814, although he did have several narrow escapes. It is said that the substitution of the triangular knife now utilized in place of the old straight edged one, was suggested by Louis XVI. The unfortunate royal mechanic was one of the earliest to test the efficiency of his improvement. The most inhuman weapon known in the middle ages was the crossbow. The wounds inflicted by missiles from it were so dreadful that the Pope, in a bull to all Christendom, forbade its use.

THE cultivation of art in its various branches is extending very generally throughout the country, and one of the most pleasing and practical methods by which the knowledge can be disseminated is that which has been adopted in Montreal by the ladies' art classes. At these meetings, papers on various art subjects are read, and illustrated by collections of ceramics, bronzes, art needlework, and paintings in oil and water, and the enjoyment and interest are increased by vocal and instrumental music. These conversations form a new and very efficient aid in cultivating one's taste and developing various artistic talents which are sometimes lying dormant, and should be adopted by those who, while living far from the art centres, yet possess in their own social surroundings fine amateur talent of various kinds, which, when brought together in these pleasant conversations and discussive meetings would increase in cultivation and be benefitted by the exchange of ideas and experience.

MUCH of the success of modern dramatic performances depend on the perfection of the scenic surroundings and the realistic effect of fine scenery and fine acting, leave nothing to the necessity of the imagination in the observer, but to appreciate the drama in Pekin imagination must fill in the background and the absence of scenery and the manoeuvres which supply its place must produce some ludicrous effects. If a warrior wishes to mount his steed, he takes several strides in a majestic manner, lifts his foot from the ground, and swings his leg over the back of an imaginary animal. The audience understand from this that he is now in the saddle, and when he switches the air with a stick they know that he has started off at full gallop. A severe looking old man, broken down by age, advances, holding in either hand a square of canvas on which is painted a wheel. This signifies that the emperor has arrived in his chariot. An upright mandarin, unappreciated by his sovereign, flies in desperation to a wood. His mother follows him, carrying in front of her canvas representing a rock, which, after having expressed her grief in song, she deposits in a corner. The son, on his part, resolves to set fire to the forest, and to avenge himself in Chinese fashion by committing suicide. To produce the effect that the forest is on fire, a torch is placed in his hands. He fiercely brandishes it and blackens his face with the smoke. The mother utters shrieks; but disregarding them, he opens his mouth, bites as it were at the flame, and falls supposed to be reduced to something like a cinder. For a very modest outlay, any spectator is allowed to alter the programme of arrangement.

HORSE raising has become a large business on the Western plains. Some of the herders on the Yellowstone have from 500 to 1,500 head, and are making fortunes selling three-years old at $30 to $100 each. No grain is fed and no stabling is provided, abundant grass and rough sheds sufficing. The business is exceedingly laborious and risky, an entire herd being sometimes lost in a night by scattering or by an Indian raid.

THE Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will, on landing in Canada, make a state progress through the cities of the Dominion, including Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec, and will pass a week in the survey of each province.

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST.

So soon as a youth, of Eastern parentage, has attained the age of sixteen or seventeen the time for "settlement" has arrived. His wish in this respect is, usually, the law of the household. "Whom shall he marry?" is the momentous question—asked not so much by himself as by his parents and elder friends. Save his mother and sisters, he has had no female acquaintance since the days of his infancy. Hence his mother, if he have one, becomes his chief reliance; for his father, though consulted and ultimately the arbiter of his destiny, seldom concerns himself in so small a matter as the purchase—for the transaction cannot be more truthfully characterized—of a wife for his son.

The mother may be considered an ambassador with plenary powers. Auburn hair, blue eyes, a clear skin, lithe form, and four feet ten inches height, are the requisites which she is instructed to obtain. If they are not found within the circle of her acquaintance, she seeks them elsewhere, and seeks diligently, as she would for a new toy, to please her best beloved. When the needful qualities are found, their possessor's maternal relative is approached; and the two mothers, sometimes with, but oftener without, counsel from the two fathers, make the bargain—agree upon the girl's value in money, and settle upon the minutest detail.

The wedding is usually fixed by the mothers to commence with the week; very rarely is it deferred so long as an entire month, and often is the "happy" time begun within the succeeding four-and-twenty hours. The "contracted" parties have not seen each other; nor does the custom of the country permit them to meet, face to face, until after the marriage is complete.

The daughter of the East is regarded as a species of base coin to be palmed off at the first opportunity with a chuckle of gratification. She is sent from her father's house with no such *trousseau* as accompanies our daughters on undertaking their journey of wedded life. A few dresses, or rather a few strips of silk with some buckles and sashes, may be doled out; but parental affection for daughters is something almost unknown.

The bridegroom is usually more considerate than the parents of the bride. Indeed, by the terms of the bargain, she has become his property; and it is his duty, whether it be his pleasure or not, to make such provision for her wants as to him seems proper. His first present is that first of all needs in the East—a bathing set.

If he be the possessor of wealth, the bathing set will be followed by presents of diamonds and other jewelry, usually in the form of stars, and always adapted to be worn upon the forehead or upon some conspicuous portion of the dress. If he be less fortunate in worldly affairs, the presents will be fewer and less costly. But in every case there must be the bathing suit—that takes the place, so to speak, of an engagement ring.

Upon the day agreed upon—and this may be upon any day of the week, save the Moslem's Sabbath (Friday)—the bridegroom sends so many carriages as may have been determined upon, to the house of the bride's parents. The use of the carriage is, however, less to save from the fatigue of walking than to screen females from the public gaze. Hence the bride's father, usually the only male person present who is to join in the festivities, walks to the bridegroom's house—the destination of the bridal party—by himself. Our Western notions of propriety are not completely at naught by this first action of the bride-elect. She seeks the bridegroom—he waits for her. She goes to his house to be married—the favor is granted by him—not by her.

We will precede the bridal party, and survey the structure so as to become the home of the wife that is to be. We find it, in fact, two houses. Adjoining ones they are, certainly, but provided with distinct doors and staircases—each complete in itself. One of them—*the house*—is for the use of the wife (or possibly wives) and the women servants, while the other is reserved for the use of the head of the household, and the men servants.

The first is comparatively costly and elegant in all its appointments, and the last, common, mean and poor. Into the first house no man, other than the master of the house, may enter, save that upon special occasions, and with special form and ceremony, the wife may there see, in a species of public room, her father or brother, but no other male relative. The last house furnishes such accommodation as may be required for the limited number of male guests expected.

The hall, into which we enter from the outer door of the house, is paved with tiles, and is otherwise so well furnished that but for the absence of furniture it would seem a worthy portal-way to a reasonably magnificent mansion. A few pairs of wooden clogs for the feet, and sometimes a few wooden stools, are, however, sole masters of the position. Out of this hall a door opens directly into the kitchen, while opposite the door of entrance there rises a staircase.

The kitchen is nearly as bare of furniture as is the hall. A few shelves for a few plates and saucepans, and a few low rush-bottomed stools, constitute, with the "range" of three charcoal furnaces, each no longer than a quart-bowl, the entire outfit for this department of household economy.

For the rare occasions when baking is required, the services of the public baker are called into requisition. With resources so slender as these must be performed the cooking for a family of perhaps twenty or thirty persons.

The people of the East have but one cooking day in the week. The Saturday of the East—which corresponds to our Thursday—is, almost universally, the cooking day. The meats and other articles then prepared, are warmed and rewarmed, or eaten cold, until they have disappeared or become very strongly unpalatable; in which event the remains are reluctantly thrown to the dogs.

The next most essential part of the Eastern house is that which opens out from the kitchen—the bath. This is little save a hot room, the heat being furnished from a fire which is managed in the kitchen. The Turkish bath is essentially a bath of hot air; and we expect to find in it none of the many appliances usual with us. They bathe the body with perspiration, and wash that off with soap and a small quantity of water.

The staircase, to which allusion has been made, leads to an upper vestibule, or large central room, out of which the other principal rooms of the house open. The floor of this vestibule is covered with matting; and the wall are ornamented with rudely painted flowers. The vestibule extends across the house from front to rear; and under the windows, at either end, the omnipresent divans are placed.

The rooms which open out of the vestibule are assigned to the wives of the household, and only in these several rooms do they exercise sovereignty. These chambers are usually large, and each is provided with one or more spacious closets, which, however, serve only as hiding places for mattresses and bed coverings. The mattresses are made of cotton and very thin. They are covered with large-figured calico of the cabbage-rose variety. At night they are brought from their closet hiding, and placed on the floor, wherever a convenient place may be found. A sheet of yellow brousa silk is spread upon the mattress, and upon this a quilt, some two or three inches thick is laid. On the under side of the quilt a second sheet of the same brousa silk is stitched, and this forms the upper, while the first forms the lower sheet of the bed.

But let us return to the bridal party. No throng of curious loungers will be found waiting near the door to see them enter their carriages, nor is there any visible preparation for the important event soon to transpire. The embarkation will be completed within the court of the domicile. When the ponderous door swings on its hinge, there emerges a line of carriages, with curtains close-drawn—nothing more.

The first and finest carriage in the line may have sufficient decoration to indicate, to the initiated, its contents, and the object of the procession of which it is the leader. Therein may be found the bride elect, accompanied by her mother and sister. The bridal dress is of some bright-colored silk, richly embroidered in gold, or rather in gilded thread and twist. But the finery, whatever it be, is concealed in a silk bag yet more brilliant in color, which, before she leaves her father's house, is drawn over the bride's head, down quite to her feet. That she must soon be smothered in such imprisonment is so far foreseen by the bag-maker, that a ventilating aperture has been contrived where the face is intended to come. But even this little concession to the demands of life requires concealment; and hence a mass of golden thread is attached to the outside of the bag, as if to represent the golden hair of the imprisoned maid.

Arrived at the house of her future lord, the bride leads the way, two or three hundred lady friends of herself and her intended, closely following. For her own use a dais has been prepared in the vestibule already described; and there, still in her bag, she seats herself.

When all the company has entered and is disposed of, on divans or on the floor, the bride is waited upon by the bridegroom's sister, and relieved of her bag. The wig of golden thread is transferred, as a crown of honor, to her head. Thus far matters have been conducted with comparative decorum and reasonable quiet; but now "the party" begins.

The noisy, screaming talk of this crush of women, when all restraint is removed, is something terrible to sensitive ears. In this babel of sound the bride elect emerges from her confinement; and while it continues, she is led to the mother-in-law who has been selected for her, and humbly kisses her hands. The same kissing is repeated upon the hands of all the elderly women present; and then the bride proceeds, more at leisure, to make herself known to the younger members of the company, after which a general acquaintance among all present is promoted.

The wedding feast speedily follows. It is partaken of here, there, and everywhere; all over the house—wherever the guests happen to be. As it progresses, the noisy jargon of voices increases in power and volume. Nor is the feast one of minutes, or hours, in duration. It lasts continuously for an entire week, and involves a consumption of provisions and tobacco—for smoking is one of a Turkish woman's fully acknowledged rights—almost beyond the power of imagination. During all this time the company of women remains unbroken. They eat where they sleep, and they sleep where they eat. What, therefore, must be the condition of the bridal dwelling, and how severe the bride's first lesson in housecleaning, may be left unspoken.

Meanwhile, the male friends and relatives of the bridegroom, numbering one-half or two-thirds as many as the women, keep up the party on their side of the house. That they have a good time of it needs not to be averred. They make themselves merry with liquor and smoke; but custom does not require them to remain continuously on the spot. They may devote part of their time to business, and may sleep at home. But during the greater part of each day they are expected to join in and aid the general carouse.

When this week of festivities is ended, the bride elect dons her bag, and all her women friends demurely cover themselves with veils and sashes. The marriage is soon to take place. The bridegroom applies for admission to his bride's apartments.

His mother receives him at the door and escorts him up the staircase and round the vestibule among the crowd of veiled figures, then down to the door of the entrance again. When this movement has been thrice repeated, he is led, by his mother, to each of the old women present, and in turn kisses their hands. Then he is placed by the side of his elected bride, who, standing, yet remains bag-hidden. An aperture is ripped in the side of the bag and her hand is protruded. For the first time the bridegroom sees the hand of her whom he weds; and we may suppose that he scans it not inattentively. And now appears the priest, who reads from his Koran such passages as serve the purposes of a marriage rite. While this is done, a degree of silence and decorum is observed.

Having concluded his duties, the priest quietly departs; and the bridegroom leads his bride round the room, among her friends and guests, who are supposed, thus and without words, to take their leave of her as a maiden. He then conducts her to the room selected as a bridal chamber. Here upon a table, covered with red cloth, are spread such presents as friends may have sent in token of respect or love for the bride—presents which the bridegroom now first looks upon. The entrance of the couple to this room is the signal for the departure of the guests. The wedding is ended, and the young man is speedily left sole lord of house and home. But we were not invited as guests, and will revenge ourselves by remaining as long as we like; nor shall the closing door prevent our entrance, even now, into the bridal chamber.

The bridegroom tarries not to inspect the presents, nor yet to wait until all the company has retired. His male friends and boon companions were dismissed before the services of the priest were required—dismissed without seeing even the ceremony. Much less might they have seen that which he is now so anxious to behold—the face of her to whom he has been wedded. He conducts his new-made wife to the nearest divan, closing the door behind him. Mothers and sisters, brothers and friends, are excluded from this first interview. The new-made wife kneels upon the divan, and the new-made husband draws off the silken bag! The form within is revealed!

What pen could picture such a scene? Drawing the bag was the drawing of the young man's marriage lottery ticket, without even knowing the number printed upon it. Before him is the wife he has drawn. Doubtless she possesses the auburn hair and blue eyes which were bargained for; but beyond that she may be either a beauty or a fright. Often, very often, the young husband finds himself most cruelly disappointed, though sometimes this first sight of his wife produces an indescribable feeling of rapture. But be his fortune in his respect good, bad, or indifferent, he must never utter a word. Disappointment or happiness must alike be buried in the deepest recesses of his own breast.

The life of the wife is that of nearly all Eastern women—a life of idleness and listlessness, save only in the presence of her husband. When he appears, she rises from the divan and waits to serve his smallest wish. She may never sit in his presence, save by his command. Only is she free to quarrel and fight and have all the way which she can conquer from the other members of the household. To such an extent is this quarrelsomeness carried, that the man who has many wives is obliged, for peace sake, to have many houses, that each may be queen in her own realm.

A young Connecticut lady was lately taken aback when her swain got upon his knees before her and read a declaration of love which he had nicely written off.

Concerning Candles.

Whoever invented candles must be considered as a benefactor to his fellow men. To honor him by name is an impossibility, for that appears to have been lost in the mists of antiquity. We find mention of the candle in the Bible as early as the time of Job, though it may be a question whether the word translated "candle" in that book would not be better expressed by "lamp." The candle is also referred to in Proverbs, in the prophecy of Jeremiah, and in the Book of Revelation. Mention is often made of it by our Lord as recorded in the Gospels. Indeed, this by no means exhausts the list of places in the Bible in which the candle is referred to.

In keeping with these frequent references in the Scriptures to candles, is the prominent position they still hold in the religious ceremonies of a large section of mankind. The Roman, Greek, and now the English Churches are, amongst Christians, the three great religious bodies distinctive for their use of candles as adjuncts to public worship. But, among other and non-Christian systems of religion, that of Buddha is conspicuous for the same usage; and, although we cannot say whether its symbolism is as defined as in the Christian Church, still, as with those of us who follow the usage, it is not omitted at any important religious ceremony or service.

Among western nations, candles have always been regarded as necessary accessories to public worship. Christmas was formally called the Feast of Lights in the Latin Church, because they used so many lights or candles at the feast. And what was then customary is not less so in these modern times. At St. John's College, Oxford, a candle used formerly to be burned at Christmas in an ancient stone socket, upon which was engraved a figure of the Holy Lamb. It was in use during the twelve days of Christmas, and stood on the public supper-board. In Belgium, from Christmas to Epiphany, the children carry about the streets paper stars having a lighted taper in the centre, singing at the same time some verses of a carol.

These customs had, no doubt, something to do with the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem. On Easter Eve it used to be customary in the past to light the paschal taper in churches, and our forefathers sometimes succeeded in making this three hundred pounds in weight.

Candles are not without their place in the calendar, for on the 2nd of February is the Feast of the Purification, otherwise called Candlemas Day. This feast is said to have originated with the Romans, who prayed to Februa, the mother of Mars, that she would influence her son in their favor. And upon the night of the second day of February they went about the city of Rome, with torches and candles burning in honor of Februa, from which circumstance the day was called Candlemas Day.

Pope Sergius, seeing that Christians took part in the ceremony, "thought to undo this foule use and custom, and turn it unto God's worship and our Lady's, and gave commandment that all Christian people should come to church and offer up a candle brennying, in the worship that they did to this woman Februa, and to worship to our Lady and to hur Sonne our Lord. So that now this Feast is solemnly hallowed thorowe all Christendome."

The customs and superstitions connected with candles are extremely numerous. A letter in an English paper of 1872 relates to sales "by inch of candle:" "When the bidding is opened a small candle—similar to a vesta—is lighted; at each bid a new one is lighted, and if no new bid is given before it goes out a second, and on that going out without a bid a third candle is lighted. The last bidder at the time the third candle goes out is declared the purchaser.

Another writer says: "The practice of letting by inch of candle still prevails in the county of Dorset. At the annual letting of a parish meadow, near Weymouth, which occurred a few weeks ago, an inch of candle was placed on a piece of wood nine inches square, and lighted by one of the parish officers. The biddings were taken down by one of the parish officers, and the chance of taking the meadow was open to all while the candle was burning. The last bidder before the candle went out was the incoming tenant."

Among the customs used at death is that sometimes practiced of putting a plate of salt and a candle upon the corpse, and some conjecture that the latter "was an Egyptian hieroglyphic for life, meant to express here the ardent desire of having the life of the deceased prolonged."

Among many modern Jews it is customary to set a light at the head of a dead person, after the corpse has been laid out; and among Roman and Anglo Catholics the same custom, it is almost superfluous to add, is practised.

In the time of Henry the Eighth it was the custom to set two burning candles over the dead body. Among the Welsh it is the practise, when a person dies, to hold a "watching-night" or "wake," the evening of the day previous to the interment; and the friends and neighbors come, each bringing with him some small present of bread, meat, drink—if the family be something poor—but especially candles, whatever the family be. These are doubtless intended for purposes of light while the ceremony lasts.

The phenomenon known as the corpse-candle, or "Will-of-the-wisp," is very common in parts of Wales. "If a little candle is seen, of a pale bluish color, then follows the corpse, either of an abortive or some infant; if a large one, then the corpse of someone come to age. If there be seen two, three, or more of different sizes, some big, some small, then shall so many corpses pass together, and of such ages or degrees. If two candles come from different places, and be seen to meet, the corpses will do the same; and if any of these candles be seen to turn aside through some by-path leading to the church, the following corpse will be found to take exactly the same way. Sometimes these candles point out the places where persons shall sicken and die."

Candle omens are numerous and various. Some are almost too well known to need mention, while a knowledge of others is not so general. A collection of tallow rising up against the wick of a candle is styled a winding-sheet, and deemed an omen of death in the family. One authority tells us that a spark at the candle denotes that the person opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. To find to whom the letter is to come, according to another popular superstition, the candlestick should be struck on the table, and whoever the spark falls opposite will receive the letter. If it falls after one knock, it comes the next day; if after two, the second day, and so on. A kind of fungus in the candle predicts the visit of a stranger. Candles when they burn blue are a sign of a spirit in the house or not far from it; also a sign of frost.

Candles are said to be difficult to light when there is an approach of wet weather; and the same reason will cause their wicks to swell and emit small excrescences.

A person who burns three candles accidentally, and not by intention, is supposed to secure for himself the office of sheriff before the expiration of the year. The Venetians have a bit of folk-lore, which reads: "On the wedding-night leave the candle burning, as the one who puts it out will die first."

Candles appear to have often been a necessary act of penance; for we read that Jane Shore was condemned to walk barefooted through the streets of the city, and to do penance in St. Paul's church in a white sheet, with a wax taper in her hand.

THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

The rust is over the red of the clover,
The green is under the gray;
And down the hollow, the fleet wing'd swallow
Is flying away and away!

Fled are the roses, dead are the flowers,
Their glory and beauty are done;
And down the hollow, the fleet wing'd swallow
Is flying the way of the sun.

In place of summer a dread newcomer
His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendor, instead of the tender
Daisy and cooling dews.

But, oh, the sweetness and full completeness
That under his reign are born;
Russet and yellow, in apples mellow,
And wheat and millet and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory
Maple and oak and thorn;
And rising and falling, his winds are calling
Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower,
That comes when the day is done;
With beaming warmth and gleaming gold,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together,
Color the woods so gay;
We must remember the chill December
Has turned his steps this way.

As gay we gather in the house together,
And pile the logs on the hearth;
Help us to follow the light little swallow,
Even to the ends of the earth.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XVI—[CONTINUED.]

The day after I regained Jessa she put into my hand a note; it ran thus—

"I have found her; she is nearly well, and only longs to see you. Rely on me absolutely, and I will compass a way to that. Be careful. I'm afraid you did not escape on that night as well as I anticipated."

"How did you get this?" I asked, beginning to destroy it. But Jessa snatched the paper from me and kissed it passionately.

"It is from the handsome young singer who sent me back to my idol. I kiss it five hundred times, and five hundred more. Look, my angel—I shall speak a little. I have seen thy mother; but I like not that, for her sake, thou shouldst altogether leave this house, though it is so bad. Still there must be a time to consult; thou art too innocent to tell of thyself how to get free from these wicked ones. Tell me if thou thinkest ever to be free altogether from the padrone?"

"Never, Jessa. In England marriage is binding unless people are more willing to part than I care to say."

"But they can live apart?"

"Yes," I replied

"And who then keeps the fine fortune? Would thou have no money if he sent thee away?"

"He could not; but, if we were both angry and agreed to part, I should still have the money my father gave me."

"And if he thought thee very wicked," she persisted—"so wicked as to love another man instead of him—for he is very jealous of thee always."

"Then, Jessa, he would have to prove that I was wicked."

The woman sank upon the floor, and, putting her arms round her knees, looked before her with an intense expression. I plied her with questions, but she was in a taciturn humor, and said nothing beyond affording the information that my mother was at present living with her brother and a niece, near a place where was "much water."

Time went on slowly; grief, impatience, weariness, preyed upon my spirits and affected my health. At last I was attacked by a sort of low fever, which indeed had a good foundation in the inclement weather prevalent over all England at that time, and made Beechwood especially unhealthy, from the quantity of wood and low swampy ground.

The fever increased; a doctor was called in. To my surprise it was Doctor Pratt, who had seen my mother at the lodge. He was only a visitor in our part of the country, but Denis took a fancy to have him. How I hated that man—not merely with an invalid's sick fancy, but with real strong repulsion; and, when he fixed on me one peculiar look of his small observant eyes, I felt my flesh creep. He never alluded to having seen me before; but often when he was looking at me with a face void of all expression, I felt as if he was speculating about that time. I guessed it was on his medical authority that my mother was so summarily ejected from the lodge—and I was right. There was an elaborate affectation between him and Denis of being strangers to each other till called to my bedside, but though he was a loquacious man, he never stumbled on a word of revelation.

But for that fever things might have been much better. While my mind was slightly delirious, one of its fancies was a determined, almost vindictive dislike to the presence of Denis and his mother; so for my sake they were obliged to leave me almost entirely to Jessa and the nurse. This was remembered afterwards. When my health grew better, the greatest depression of spirits succeeded; I disliked to be told that I was getting well, and wilfully kept up the customs of illness after it had departed. For while confined upstairs I was yet unmolested, if I went down all the old suspicious watchfulness and restrictions began over again. Long nights were spent in wishing to get away, and sick longing for my mother now pictured in the softest lights.

One morning when Jessa came to dress me, I noticed an unusual excitement in her mien. The sun was shining—in a watery way, but still shining—and I was looking out the window.

"Jessa, I feel quite well, and I shall have a drive to-day," I said suddenly, for the prospect was tempting, and the room looked very dull contrasted with the flashing sunshine streaming over the brilliantly green, wet turf.

She looked at me closely, and then a rare triumphant smile showed her dazzling teeth.

"Thou art better, my angel," she responded heartily. "I saw it yesterday; yet thou mayest not say so just yet, or there will be no drive for thee to-day. Rest for a few minutes on the couch and thou shalt surely have it."

With the greatest expedition she led me to the lounge, and arranged the pillows and shawls in true invalid style, while I wondered at her and made no resistance. All was scarcely settled when there came a tap at the door, and Denis entered, looking disturbed and anxious.

"How are you this morning, Sylvia? You look better."

"Then after a night of the saddest!" Jessa interrupted suddenly.

"Indeed! I'm very sorry. My father is dangerously ill and I ought to take my mother back to the Hall at once—I've just received a telegram. I wish you were well enough to go too."

"The signora must not be moved to-day," Jessa said firmly.

"Are you not so well?" he asked.

I felt myself the hypocrite I was while Jessa was speaking, yet all the while I was thrilling with joy at the hope of a little freedom. I got up all at once, shaking off my wraps, but still I held my peace. He stood for a moment considering, as with his old trick he stroked down his beard; then he started with a sigh.

"Well, I must not wait, for mine is a sad errand. Jessa, take every care of your mistress, and keep her quiet. Sylvia, have you no kind message for the old man, who was fond of you and is now dying?"

"Yes, yes, give him my love. I hope he will recover. Denis, I'll go with you if you like;" but the tears came in my eyes for fear he should accept my sacrifice.

"No, you're not strong enough to get up. Good-bye."

He put out his hand and kissed me sadly but kindly, and, feeling myself to blame, for a temporary relief, I put up my face more willingly than usual. He kissed me again, murmured, "Be a good girl while I'm away," and placed me gently back among my pillows; but I started up to see him leave the room, and as he went out our eyes met. For years after that look haunted me.

"And now! and now?" cried Jessa, with a grim smile, as she withdrew from the window—where we had stood looking down upon the travelers—both had looked up at my window, Lady Fernley with a drawn, shocked expression of alarm as she hurried back to the sick couch of her despised and neglected husband. Jessa laughed with startling enjoyment as the carriage took them away.

"You are a little unfeeling, I must say, Jessa. Poor Sir James is a kind-hearted man, though a little eccentric. I'm really sorry he's so ill."

"Poor, poor Sir James! Bah!" she laughed with shrill mockery. "I have not a bit of compassion for him; but I praise him very much to be so clever as to die just now, and get rid of thy two gaolers when we want a drive."

Aware of the latitude of speech Jessa allowed herself, I was not much struck with this, but watched her make the preparations for our drive.

"Jessa! Jessa! we are not going to the North Pole," I urged, laughing: "there are enough wraps there for a person who is."

But Jessa shook her head wisely, and did not place a single article back in the wardrobe; then she suddenly fell to rummaging her pockets, and finally deposited on my lap a slip of paper and a note. The slip was in Towerscourt's hand, and had an address—"Mrs. Crawford, Tenterden House, Riversdale near Everham. Go when you can"—on it; and the note was a passionate appeal from my mother, imploring me to go to her, now that she dared not venture near my husband.

Everham? Why, it was twenty miles from Beechwood at least! I had been all through it, and passed Riversdale, a beautiful, thinly-populated hamlet on the banks of a river. And my mother was there! But Denis?

"Order the carriage round, Jessa—at least I'll have my drive; and, by way of precaution, I will take my purse—we may travel a little by rail."

CHAPTER XVII.

Ah that breath of fresh air! No matter that it was October, and that there was more glare than heat in the sun—no matter that the one I loved best was absent on duty to his sick father, my spirits rose after a fortnight's confinement to sick-rooms, and I felt that I was free from suspicious eyes and thoughts. Jessa looked blue in the chill air; she made horrible faces when the wind met us after rushing over miles of level, rain soaked land. But I rejoiced to greet it, and forgave the country for being flat because we had such a wide, far-reaching prospect; and those gusts of cool air came to us unbroken, unchecked by hills or mountains.

I tried to reconcile Jessa to her enemy by assuring her that winds keep off greater enemies, fog and rain; but I owned to myself that the sun's gleams were suspiciously cold and bright, and that there was a great deal of dun color in the sky to match the earth. There had fallen an immense quantity of rain lately; many parts of England had been deluged by rising rivers and encroaching seas; all around the low fields were nearly covered with water and abundantly green for the time of year, and our carriage-wheels splashed up, not mud, but dirty water.

The long lane with only a coach-road at the end was not very interesting. There were, however, some picturesque ruins about, and a queer old windmill or two which looked striking objects with the sudden bright sunshine on them. After a while, when one took in thoroughly the sullen aspect of sky and earth, the sunshine seemed as unnatural to the day as a forced smile on an angry face—there was a threat behind its splendor.

But, if we wished to go to Everham, the train would take us quickly; and the lane we were in led to the station. I had decided now. I knew full well that Denis would never have left me, even to go to his father, had he not believed that I was too ill to stir from the house—a deception I had allowed Jessa to draw me into. It seemed a kind of treachery thus to take advantage of his misfortune. Yet I had a right to go where I would, and especially to my mother. Had I not been wounded again and again, suspected without cause? Had not countless indignities been poured on me till my health had suffered? If I failed in duty to him, had he not set the bad example? I did regret deceiving him about my health, but—bah, how much did he care about my mother's health when he forced me to leave her?

"Tell Strap to drive faster!" I cried.

But slowly the charm of the day faded to me.

"Suppose my mother should not be at home, Jessa?" I said.

"Yes, yes, she will to-day—she expects to meet thee to-day."

"How can she, when no one knew till half an hour ago that I was coming?"

"Because," she answered, with much coolness, "as soon as thou didst arrange to go out I sent a leetle boy with what thou callest telegram for her."

"You are clever with your telegrams, Jessa; they are plentiful to-day."

I looked hard at her, and an uneasy suspicion visited me that some one was making a tool of her. But who?

At five o'clock that evening we arrived at Everham, and we started at one. Along the whole line water was out all over the country. At a certain place it had weakened the supports of a bridge; traffic was stopped, and we had to wait till the bridge was safe before we could go on. I did not fear being missed at Beechwood, as I sent word by the coachman that I might return late, yet some instinctive presentiment made me look long after a train just leaving the station on the road we had come, and inly wish we were returning too. The sun had disappeared; it was getting dusk; all the enthusiasm of the journey had fled; we were chilled and cramped from long confinement.

Everham seemed to be an old fashioned town a century behind the age. The only conveyance we could get to take us to Riversdale was a railway fly with cushions mildewed with damp and the very straw reeking with moisture. In this vehicle we jolted, bumped and splashed through some unhappy-looking streets under a steady down-pour of rain. The state of the streets was most curious. We had thought the country inundated round Beechwood, but its condition was happy to that of Everham, situated at the conflux of two rivers. Some of the water-side houses were deserted, the driver told us; a few days back the road we were on was impassible, except by boats.

Our progress was tedious; the country grew wilder as we advanced, but the steam from the reeking horse, the dusk, the damp, and their normal condition of neglect so obscured the windows that we could not see much.

Jessa now wanted to turn back, as the state of the country alarmed her. I would not return till I had seen her I came to see. Our furs and wraps were useful here; we drew them closer, and submitted to be jostled against each other in silence, if not contentment.

When it was quite dark, the driver got down and opened the door.

"Git down, please; the road's too bad for wheels hereaway. Yon's Tenterden House where the light shines, not a hundred paces off; the hoss's dead beat a'ready."

"Wait till we see if we've come to the right house."

"No, ma'am, I'm dashed if I do! I was hired for Tenterden House, and there she is, I'll take my davy! Now you've got to go to that house or not, as pleases you; but I don't take another hire to-night, not for Victory's crown."

After that there was no choice but to alight in the mud and find our way to the light.

"Keep yer eye on that and you're all right. Don't wander off to the left, for that leads to the river, and it's rose," said the man as he drove off.

The sound of the swollen river rushing along was very distinct by this time, but we could not see it. We picked our way among stones and slush and through sheets of descending water towards a solitary glow from the window of a low, small-sized house just visible against the lowering sky. There were tall trees about what seemed to be a court in front, and gardens or grounds at the back extended some way down.

We were over our ankles in water, and nearly wet through in spite of our wraps, when we stood before a deep-set door, and pulled vigorously at an old-fashioned bell which hung like a pulley at the side of it. The peal rang out shrilly; it had not ceased to vibrate when I heard quick steps coming towards us. The door was briskly opened, and a tall figure bearing a candlestick stood before us. A cry escaped me—the wind and rain entering at the open door put out the light—but my exclamation was echoed by the bearer of it, and the next instant, to my intense surprise, I was expeditiously assisted into the house by Eustace Towerscourt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Come upstairs, Mrs. Fernley," said Lord Towercourt, as soon as had assisted me into Tenterden House out of the storm of wind and rain. "Thank Heaven, there's a fire! You are wet through, I'm sure. Give me your hand as the light has gone out, and I will guide you to the stairs."

Too bewildered to speak, I let him lead me up a single flight of stairs, to a low-pitched room with a slope at one end; two stairs led down to it—two windows lighted it by day. It was dark, quaint-looking, and furnished with old-fashioned spindle-legged chairs, but a bright fire danced upon the hearth. One massive brass candlestick stood upon the table; Lord Towerscourt held its fellow.

"But where is my mother?" I said, looking round.

"Most unfortunately she is gone. These floods have so alarmed her that when she heard to-day that the cellars were flooded nothing could stop her. It was a regular stampede, servants and all; I am their sole representative."

"You? Were you with them?"

"Oh, you know you gave me a sort of charge!" he said, laughing carelessly. "I was here when they went."

"But Jessa sent a telegram—did they get it?"

"Yes; but Mrs. Crawford was too frightened to wait; I thought, however, that I would stay in case you came, just to explain, though I certainly did not expect you in this weather. How glad I am I did now!"

All the while he was doing the honors in a most hospitable manner—relieving me of my wraps, bringing the couch forward, poking the fire into a brighter blaze.

"Now," he said, pausing, while his eyes travelled over the room, "you are wet through, though I suppose I dare not offer you the only thing which would do you good?"—with an insinuating wave of his hand towards a black, squat, Dutch-looking bottle on the table.

I shook my head.

"Well, I think ladies are always ready for tea at any hour in the twenty-four; so, if your maid will take this candle and find a room where you can get rid of your soaked things, I'll see if I have forgotten my skill for making tea when a fag."

"Your offer is tempting, but I must close my ears to it. There's but one thing for us to do, Jessa—to return by the way we came. We must find a cab or something."

"There's not a fly in Riversdale, I assure you," said Lord Towerscourt; "and why on earth should you go? I understood Denis was away, so there's no one to be anxious about you."

I sat down by the fire, repenting that I had come. Things had turned out cruelly. It was a medley of "ifs." If the train had not been delayed—if the weather was not now so inclement—if my mother had not been frightened from home! Any of these "ifs" removed, and my difficulties would not exist. Towerscourt left his hospitable cares and came to the fire; he leaned his arm on the mantelpiece, and cast down his eyes; a slight angry embarassment, a little pique, a little hurt feeling, appeared in his face.

"It is impossible for you to move from here to night; but of course I need only remain till you're comfortable," he said, half resentfully.

In spite of my bitter disappointment, I could not help smiling at his sensitive quickness. It was ungrateful to visit my misfortune on him, when nothing but good nature prompted him; and he had such boyishly high spirits and I was so staid that, though he was six years my senior, I always felt that the superiority in age lay with me. The charm of a gay, reckless, happy-go lucky nature had its effect on me, and my spirits cast off their burden and rose from unconscious sympathy with youth and freedom.

He caught my smile.

"Bravo!" he cried triumphantly. "I'll do the honors for half an hour, and then, if you are not afraid of being left alone, you shall send me away."

"No, I shall go home; but I'll have some tea, and then think how to carry out my purpose."

"Very well."

He caught up my trailing shawl, crammed all the other wraps into a corner of the room, and thrust a candlestick into Jessa's hands.

"Make haste and return," he cried gaily.

How strange it was to find myself in my mother's house, with all the evidences of her presence around, and yet know less of her really than the young man in the next room! I looked at the tasteful and even luxurious appointments of her chamber, and wished her nerves had been stronger, and perhaps her affection, too.

But Jessa allowed me no time to get melancholy, she was full of Lord Towerscourt's kindness in staying on the chance of our coming.

It was merry fun, preparing our impromptu repast; none of us knew much about it practically, but the air of superior knowledge the young man gave himself, his evident minute observance and clever adaptability to circumstances amused me. He might have been picnicing all his life; his spirits rose to a pitch of wild excitement, and there was real wit in his wild nonsense; it carried me away till in the pleasure of the hour I forgot everything. And I found that he could talk cleverally as well as fluently; there was a subdued warmth in his very levity, and in the midst of his sharp brilliancy a wild and plaintive sound now and then.

The evening drew on; the room was bright and warm, the rain still beat on the windows with driving force—steady, incessant rain. There was another remote and muffled sound which sometimes caught my ear ann seemed strange. Was it the wind? I got up suddenly and went to the window, drawing aside the moreen curtains. I saw only the blurred reflection of the lighted room, and my own figure on the pane; but the gurgling sound certainly grew clearer as I listened.

"By jove, it's here too!" said Towerscourt behind me; and he threw up the window.

We leaned out. I have said that the night was dark, but it was not dark enough to conceal that as far as the eye could reach there was a leaden waste of waters throbbing and surging just below us, close up to the house. The tide was high and strong, the house being near the river. The water had overflowed the low bank at the end of the lawn, and was now hissing and beating round every obstacle. I could see faint patches of pale foam moving backwards and forwards, braving and down on the huge palpitating body of water, which was receiving into its bosom continual tribute from the scarcely brighter sky which is dimly reflected. I felt giddy as I looked.

"Is there danger?"

"Oh, no! There is not three feet of water yet," Towerscourt said, as mournfully as if I that was something to regret. "The house is as firm as a rock, and the water won't reach as here. I'll see how the place is downstairs. I may be gone ten minutes; don't leave the room."

"Let me come with you."

"No, you may not," he said, smiling; so he went alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONLY A FADED FLOWER.

BY EMMA RHODES.

It was a lovely August night, and the cloudless sky was studded with myriads of brilliant stars. The sweet night wind made a rustling, soughing sound as it moved among the trees, and the odor of many scented flowers was wafted from the extensive and beautifully-arranged flower garden of the wealthy Mr. Eastlake

On the terrace before the house stood a lady and gentleman, and, to judge from their appearance, the calmness of the summer night was having anything but a soothing effect upon them; for the girl's proud handsome face was flushed with passion, and the words which fell from her lips were hard and cruel, as she hurled defiance at the man beside her.

She was Mr Eastlake's only child; and her companion was Colonel Dowering of the Dragoons. Her father had amassed his wealth in India, where for years he had held a lucrative civil appointment. Soon after the birth of his little girl, his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died, and fearing the effects of the Indian climate on his one remaining treasure, he sent her with her nurse to a maiden sister of his in England, who unfortunately was a weak, silly woman, and totally unfit for the charge she had undertaken; for from her babyhood Ina had shown signs of a wilful, passionate temper, while, being quite uncurbed by her aunt, she only became more unmanageable as she grew older.

As the years passed on, the girl seeing her aunt's weakness, grew to have a contempt for the woman who could never say her "nay," and domineered not only over her, but over all those around her.

Nature had bestowed one great gift on Ina, namely, beauty; and beauty of great style, for she was far more like a Spanish than an English girl. Her hair was as black as the raven's wing, and her eyes large, dark and voluptuous. She knew the power of her beauty well, and never lost an opportunity of testing it.

When her father returned to England, and claimed her, he could hardly believe that the glowing young beauty, who welcomed him so eagerly, and the little puny baby he had parted from years before, could be one and the same; and it was with a glad, proud feeling that he acknowledged that she was worthy of being the mistress of the almost princely estate he had bought. Not to her father did she often show her temper, for she had all her own way, and over their large household reigned supreme. At the time Mr. Eastlake and his daughter took up their abode at the Oaklands, the Dragoons were then stationed at the garrison town at Westford; and Ina, having persuaded her father to call upon the officers, indulged her love of flirting to the utmost.

There were, however, two men in the regiment to whom ere long the winning of Ina Eastlake became an absolute necessity: the one from love, and the other from motives best known to himself. Never were two men so completely dissimilar in every respect than Colonel Dowering and Captain Fox—the former, one of nature's noblemen; while the latter was heartless, selfish and crafty. There had never been any love lost between them; but from the hour Captain Fox discovered that the little heart Ina possessed was in his Colonel's keeping, he hated him with undying hatred, and vowed to have his revenge, and to gain the end he had in view—not caring one tittle by what means he attained it. With him the girl's fortune had been the bait, for he was not capable of a disinterested affection.

Colonel Dowering and Ina Eastlake had been engaged some months, and her *fiance* had long ago discovered that the girl he had placed on a pedestal, and worshipped, was by no means the faultless creature he had thought her, and warm words too often passed between them, for, in spite of her engagement, she was carrying on a desperate flirtation with Captain Fox, who, with all his bad qualities could be very fascinating when he pleased, was, with the subtlety of a serpent, fast drawing Ina into the trap he had laid for her. In vain did Colonel Dowering tell her the character the man bore, in vain did he reproach her for want of consideration for himself; alas! her old self-will and obstinacy were asserting themselves once more, and she declared that, until she married, she would amuse herself in any way she liked.

One of the annual county balls had just taken place, at which Ina's behavior with Captain Fox was so glaring, so reckless, that it called forth many a sneer, many a shrug of the shoulders, while her *fiance* was watching her with a stern, set face, and with a dull, gnawing pain at his heart, for the conviction was fast forcing itself upon him that, after her present behavior, she must either succumb to his wishes, or they must part. The scene on the terrace was the result of his determination to assert his authority, if possible. Long and earnestly he pleaded on that fair summer night, with the girl he loved so well; but his interference had aroused her worst passions, and she had worked herself up into such a state of fury that she was hardly conscious of the words she uttered.

"Do you mean all you say?" he said, quietly, when, almost from sheer exhaustion, she had at last stopped speaking. "Because, if so, all must be at an end between us; the girl who can speak and act as you have done, can never be wife of mine. But this scene is degrading to both of us, and had better end. I leave you to make what excuse you like to your father about my departure, and whatever you say I shall not dispute. Good-bye, and may you never repent the part you have played."

So saying, he turned, and left her, but not before he had picked up from the ground a crimson rose, which had fallen from Ina's dress in her excitement.

In her heart of hearts Ina had really cared for the man she had treated so badly; and she was thoroughly unhappy when she found that for once she had gone too far. But her pride was also great, and finding Colonel Dowering was obdurate, she determined to be even with him, explaining to her father that they had separated on account of his being too exacting and jealous. Well she knew that, although he might be invulnerable on all other points, an engagement between herself and Captain Fox would sting him to the heart; so when that gentlemen, who had only been biding his time, proposed, she, in a mad moment, accepted him.

It was the year 1854, and troops were daily leaving the shores of England for the Crimea. One of the regiments under orders to sail was the Dragoons. Captain Fox had sold his commission, as Mr. Eastlake would not hear of him marrying his daughter unless he did so; but Percy Dowering had gone, and like many others, never to return.

The glorious charge of Balaklava was over, and the ground was completely covered with the dead and dying. Among the latter was Colonel Dowering, shot through the lungs. Courting death as he had done, first and foremost in every desperate engagement, he had until the present time escaped unwounded; and now, when beginning to think he bore a charmed life, he was suddenly cut down. He knew he was dying, knew no mortal aid could save him—and he was glad to know it; for since his one idol had been shattered, his life had become worthless to him. As he lay on the cold ground he thought he heard some one calling him by name. He was too weak to raise his voice in reply, but held up his arm, hoping it would attract attention. In a few minutes one his oldest friends was kneeling by his side.

"I saw you fall, Dowering, and come to look for you. Thank Heaven you are alive; but we must have you moved from here as soon as possible."

"There will be but one more move for me, Percival," whispered the dying man, "and that will be to the grave. But I am glad you are here; I want this sent to England for me;" and as he spoke he drew a letter from his breast, and put it into his friend's hand. It was his last expiring effort, and in a few minutes more the gallant soldier was at rest.

* * * * * *

Ina Fox had been married some months, but even before her wedding tour was over she had discovered the true character of the man she had chosen; for as soon as all occasion for concealment was past, he had shown himself in his real colors. Deep, heartfelt contrition for the past did Ina feel; but that could avail her nothing now; she had brought it all on herself, and as, in the solitude of her own room, she pictured the long, miserable years before her, she almost felt that her punishment was more than she could bear. But she was not a girl to wear her heart on her sleeve, so whatever her own feelings were, the world knew nothing of them; and wherever she went she was received and welcomed as the wealthy, beautiful, and fascinating Mrs. Fox. One night, on returning home from a ball, her eye was caught by a letter lying on her dressing table. Recognizing the handwriting, she hastily dismissed her maid, and, sinking into a chair, opened the letter with trembling fingers. It contained her photograph, and a paper on which was written these words:

"When you receive this I shall be no more. I once told you the Doverings never forgave, but as I hope to be forgiven, so I forgive you."

That was all, nothing more. As she gazed vacantly at the lines before her something dropped from between the folded leaves, and stopping to see what it was, she saw, through a mist of tears, the faded, withered leaves of a crimson rose.

For a long time Ina lay between life and death; and when she appeared in society once more, her cheek had lost its roundness, and her laugh was but seldom heard; for even when surrounded by all that was gayest and brightest, her heart would be far away, flown to that far-off grave where Colonel Dowering, with hundreds of his brave countrymen around him, lay sleeping his last long sleep.

A GOOD OLD AGE.—The following is taken from a copy of Nile's *Weekly Register*, published at Baltimore, in the month of January, 1823. It is the lists of deaths which had been notified to the paper within one week, and we give it as a singular instance of the decease of so many persons above 100 years old being announced in the same paragraph: "In Franklin County, Pa., Elizabeth Campbell, aged 104; several of her relatives had reached 100. At Troy, N. Y., Ann Fowler, 100. At Tyngsboro, N. Y., Abigail Hadlock, aged 104. At Somers, N. Y., Michael Mancel, 103. At Rutland, Oswego, N. Y., Mrs. Buroy, 110. At Brunswick, Me., General James W. Ryan, 107; his wife is yet living, aged 94. They were married together seventy-five years before his death. At Georgetown, Colonel Yarrow, a Moor, (supposed) 135! At the city of New York, a woman, a native of San Domingo, 106. At Sargus, Mass., Mrs. Edwards, 101. In Edgecomb county, N. C., William Spicer, aged about 112. In Boston, William Homer, 116."

ONE Simon Grant has bought a tract of land on the Northern Pacific Railroad for the purpose of starting a community. He is a wealthy Scotchman, and will devote his entire fortune to the enterprise, which he has been planning many years; but he intends to be the high priest of the religion—said to be a strange worship of the sun—which is the basis of the movement. Thus far he has only a score or so of followers. He has chosen a place in what is fast becoming a thickly settled farming region, and is confident of success.

Condor hunters are warmly welcomed by inhabitants of the South American sierras, as the birds commit great havoc among the herds. Waiting till the mother of a calf is some distance from her offspring, they will swoop down and strike the young animal to the ground, immediately ripping out its tongue to prevent its raising any alarm. In a few minutes nothing but the skeleton is left.

THE young Duke of Norfolk is ground landlord of nearly all Sheffield, the home of cutlery, and has a place called Sheffield Farm in the neighborhood. In honor of his marriage he gave last week a magnificent ball there to 600 guests. When the leases fall in, his income will exceed $1,500,000.

A Birmingham, Eng., baby has been suffocated with sweetmeats. The innocent was eight weeks old, and had been left in the care of a little girl about five years old. She gave him some of the candy popularly known as "rifle-balls." The sweetmeats stuck in the baby's throat, and before a doctor could be summoned death had resulted from suffocation.

FACETIÆ

"Come here, and I'll lick the whole of you," as the little boy said to the glasses of sugar candy in the shop.

A sweet-voiced woman has no advantage over a shrill-voiced one in blowing the dinner horn or in driving pigs out of the front garden.

Once they started a female seminary in Utah. It flourished well, but just in the height of its prosperity the principal eloped with the whole school.

Among the announcements of fire-works at a political celebration the other evening, we read that three serpents are to be exhibited following each other in a contrary direction.

A saloon keeper named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell them the truth.

A party of young fellows found fault with the butter on the boarding house table. "What is the matter with it?" asked the mistress. "Just you ask it," said one; "it is old enough to speak for itself."

The force of habit is a fine thing in its way, but when in reply to a question at a church fair as to what he will have, a young man mechanically replies, "Beer," or "The same," it is a trifle awkward.

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman. "True, sir," replied the other; "and I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything I had about me."

Miss Brilliant—"Oh, dear, I am so sleepy." Mr. Stupid—"Why, I don't see what makes you so sleepy; I am not." Miss Brilliant (archly)—"Perhaps—perhaps you are in better company than I am."

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, yesterday,—"Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a lickin' regular every day, and says I merit two."

A paper publishes the following:—"A young lady, perfectly competent, wishes to form a class of young mothers and nurses, to instruct them in the art of talking to infants in such a manner as will interest and please them."

A painter in New Orleans has reached an extraordinary degree of accomplishment in his trade. It is said that he painted a board so exactly imitating marble, that when he threw it into the river it instantly sunk to the bottom.

A German-American patriot returning to the old country, shed tears as his adopted land faded from his view. "Amerika vas der best goundry in de vorld," he remarked; "I haf vailed dree times, and now I leaves it to spend mine vortune mid my family."

The keeper of a lodging house lately collected a month's board in advance from forty boarders, on pica of visiting a sick sister, and then disappeared. She was greatly in arrears to butcher, baker, grocer and servants, and the feeling of sorrow at her departure is very general.

A traveler, going to bed, was surprised to see a ghost, which—or who—in a sepulchral tone began, "I am the spirit of one who was foully murdered here." "That's no business of mine," said the traveler, turning round on his pillow; "apply to the proper quarter; good night."

"Is there a steady progress in religion among them cannibals?" asked an old lady of her nephew—a roving sailor—who had just returned from a long cruise. "Yes, Aunt Hepzibah; they've got so now they can take their grog like Christians, and can't eat roast missionary without all sorts of seasoning."

"The maiden wept, and I said, 'Why weepest thou, maiden?' She answered not, but sobbed exceedingly; and I again said, 'Maiden, why weepest thou?' Still she continued weeping; and the third time I raised my voice and said, 'Maiden, why weepest thou?' And she answered and said, 'What's that to you? Mind your own business!'"

A Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully afraid of the cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and there was found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said, "To pray." "But how is it you went to sleep?" asked the overseer. "Don't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the darke; "but 'spect I must have overprayed myself."

TO LET A COLD HAVE ITS OWN WAY, is often to assist in laying the foundation of Consumption. To cure the most stubborn Cough or Cold you have only to use judiciously Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

IT'S WE TWO.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love—what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine, life is sweet and new,
If the world have miss'd the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me thy man; now the song begins,
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Then shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

"THROUGH FLOOD AND FIRE."

BY HENRY FRITH.

"I assure you, my dear boy, I am extremely sorry to appear unkind in this matter; but, believe me, I am acting for the best."

"But surely I may see Rosie as usual?" I asked.

"I am afraid not," replied Mr. Temple "It would be very injudicious. You are both too young and too romantic at present. Were you in a position to maintain a wife, I would sanction your engagement in time; but now such a course, though painful for us all, is the only one Mrs. Temple and I can in justice adopt. We shall be pleased to see you again after our return from the Continent. Good night."

I made no reply—indeed, I could not have spoken just then. This was to be the termination of our engagement, then! Rosie Temple and I had flattered ourselves that a series of dances, pic-nics, and charade-parties, with a very good knowledge of lawn-tennis and croquet, constituted housekeeping. We had only $500 a year between us, and dear Rose always spent two hundred at least on her dress annually. She had lately been very economical in the matter of gloves, and had made herself a bonnet which was in every sense becoming: still, we were not much nearer to matrimony then; and now——!

It will therefore be seen that Mr. Temple was quite right. Matrimony was a luxury I could not afford. I acknowledged it even then as I went home despondingly.

When I reached my lodging I found two letters awaiting me. One was from my brother, who was commanding a detachment of his regiment in Ireland, the other was from my father's solicitor. I opened the "official" note first.

It contained only a few lines, requesting me to call on him in London in a day or two, as perhaps I might be able to do some work for the good-natured lawyer.

The other letter was most cheerful, and bore a warm invitation to share my brother's country quarters for a fortnight, "or longer if I liked," next month.

Before I went to bed I replied to both my kind correspondents, accepting both invitations.

Next day I went up to London, and in the afternoon I called upon the solicitor nervously.

His business was simple. Did I know French? I did. Was I acquainted with book-keeping? I was.

"Well, then," said he, "will you go to Geneva, and transact this business, particulars of which I will give you to-morrow? You shall be paid as my clerk, and have your expenses and something beside."

"Agreed," I said gladly; "I will go. When am I to set out?"

"As soon as you can get ready. If you do this well I think I can help you do something better."

I wrung his hands and left him, took the first train home, packed up, and next morning at eleven o'clock was at the office in London again. I wrote to my brother to tell him the facts, mastered my instructions, and next morning I was in Paris.

I found the business at Geneva much more complicated than I expected. It was a liquidation case. Day after day passed; the days ran into weeks; and at last, after six weeks' hard work and a run to Chamouni, I was on my way home again.

"Well done!" was the verdict passed upon my efforts, and was very welcome, accompanied as it was with a cheque for a handsome sum.

"Call on me when I return to town," said my friend, "in about five week's time, and I will tell you something I think you will be glad to hear."

My thoughts immediately flew to Rosie. Not that I had by any means forgotten her; but now I was idle again I felt ever more dejected than ever. Liquidation cases are not romantic!

I was now at liberty to join my brother. I went. I lived with the detachment; and what fun we had! Fishing in a fine river close by; cricket; a little shooting, was upon us now; rowing up and down the stream; and dining with the hospitable Irish residents, made up the total of our days after parade or inspection.

One guest-night—for we had our little social parties occasionally—we were sitting by the open windows, when the sub of the party exclaimed—

"What a glare there is yonder! It's a fire, I believe."

"Bedad, your right!" said one of our guests. "It's down by Sir John's; he has a house full. I hope it's not the house itself."

"Sound the fire-call and turn out the pickets, Hamblyn," said my brother. "Take the men down at the double. We'll drive over. Come along. Look sharp!"

I hurried out for a coat to cover my dress-clothes. Of course, being in a hurry, I was delayed. In the dark I groped unsuccessfully, and at length when I crossed from my room I found that the others had driven off in the cars our guests had come over in.

The sentry at the gate civilly "shouldered" his rifle as I passed, and in reply to my question told me that the captain and the whole party had gone, leaving word for me to follow, if I liked.

"Yes; but how? They've taken all the cars, sentry."

"Yes, sir; but there's the gig, sir."

"Whose gig?"

"The boat, sir. You can scull down almost as quick as they'll drive, yer honor."

"Good!" I would pull down. It was not far; the moon was still bright. I knew the river pretty well.

No sooner thought than done. A soldier from the guard-room came across and helped me launch the gig.

"That's a big fire, sir; they do say it's at the Hall below. Poor creatures! I hope they'll all escape. All right, sir?"

I replied in the affirmative. He let go the painter, and with two vigorous strokes of the light sculls I was in the stream. Fortunately I knew almost every turn and bend of the fine river, or I should have more than once had a very narrow escape. But I did not mind it then. Urged by a reckless daring, I sculled rapidly on alone.

Alone, all but for the company of two good planks. Whence came they, and whither they were bound, I did not think; but I noticed they kept close to me—now swirling away, now in the dim light meeting, then dividing, turning round, separating themselves, and soon enclosing my sculls, so as to impede my way and endanger my safety. They hugged me so closely at last that I lay on my oars, and clutching the intrusive boards pulled them into the boat, where, under the thwarts, they exchanged dripping confidences as to what they would do next. What they did shall be told in due course.

I was now opposite the blazing house; a yell, a roar! Four people had got upon the parapet, some feet above the stable-roofs, and were crying and shrieking for assistance. One was a lady, three were men. Taking off their coats, they knotted them by the sleeves, and let down the lady to the lower roof in safety. Such a cheer arose for this. I watched and waited; pulling in, the heat was great. I pulled away to the opposite wing, abutting on the river, now almost wholly clad in flame and smoke, but still itself unburning.

What is that? Can it be a man or woman kneeling there, and unobserved amid the shrouding smoke by all the rest, who are gazing at the gallant men around the stables? The soldiers had arrived and were doing good service, but no one else perceived the solitary form wrapped in an Ulster coat, and trembling on the wall above the river.

Not a moment was to be lost. I pulled in hastily.

"Leap," I shouted, "leap!" As I spoke I rose up in the boat. The planks winked more and rattled. "Jump!" I yelled in my excitement.

One look to heaven—a glance down to the swiftly running river, and the person I addressed leaped feet first. Unthinkingly, I moved suddenly; the light gig rocked. In vain I attempted to recover my balance; the boat tipped over, and I fell headlong into the water, now covered with *debris*.

The two planks started after me together from beneath the thwarts.

I sank; and as I did so I thought of Rosie; and made up my mind to die, if I must, but I struggled manfully for life the while.

* * * * * *

When one is unwillingly under water the brain seems to become busier than at other times. I had plenty of time to repent of my rashness, to utter a prayer, and to forgive my enemies; and then I struggled, knocked my head, half sank again, put out my right arm and grasped something. It was a plank.

Seeing a body rising up close by, I raised the head. The person I had tried to save was sensible, evidently.

I was delighted to find that he too was floating on a plank, the twin supporter of my arm; and how those good friends tossed about, and drove up against each other in sheer delight, as we all floated away fast down-stream together, baffles description.

The moon had been obscured by heavy clouds; but we could discern the stones which here and there rose up from out the water, from a shoal in mid-stream. We should soon be in safety. The planks apparently thought otherwise. They bobbed about and grew very impatient to reach the shore.

There's distant thunder! A storm is coming up. No, it must be a train passing the bridge above. No; the noise increases! the sound is borne continually on the wind. The plank got very restless now. The banks even came closer to us, but the stream ran all the faster. The noise was getting louder every minute.

I knew what it was at last. I knew too well. It was the Mill Weir!

If the sluice were open to the huge over shot wheel our doom was sealed. Nothing much short of a miracle could save us. Striking out for the bank, I called to my companion to do the same, but encumbered with the Ulster coat his progress was not great.

We floated round the turn in the stream. The wheel was revolving. I could plainly hear the splash, splash of its monotonous clank and dash: the water dripped and ran away from the grinding woodwork, and gladly escaped beneath to save being crushed to air on the top of those mighty paddles.

We had two channels to choose from—one over the weir, the other beneath the wheel. The suction to the latter was tremendous. I swam strongly for the former. I reached the slippery piles and caught them. A bright light was burning in a small window in the mill, twenty yards or so away. We were in an eddy for a moment. I called out loudly. A head was put out: I yelled again. The plank whereon I lay slipped from beneath me, rose up again, and carried me headlong down the foaming lasher like an arrow from a bow, while my companion was wrenched away and darted for the wheel. A loud cry escaped me as we parted. All was over now. Death at last. "Oh, Rosie! my darling Rosie; till we meet in heaven—farewell!" I had time to think so much—no more.

I remember nothing more until I found myself in barracks, in my brother's quarters. Then I suppose I fell asleep. But when I again awoke to consciousness, they told me, in muffled tones, that I had just pulled through brain fever, and had been in bed nearly five weeks.

In another fortnight I was down again in the ante-room, where I was welcomed as a "hero of romance." The good-natured quizzing and congratulations on my recovery were incessant. At last noticing my puzzled look, my brother said—

"Perhaps he hasn't heard the real facts—have you, Harry?"

"I have not the very slightest idea what you are all talking about," I replied. "If it's a joke, I don't see it."

"Now look, here she is again! Lucky fellow!"

"Not a day without she rides over to inquire."

"Her father's here, too."

"Tell them to come in, Hamblyn, and see the preserver of the 'sole daughter of his house and heart.'"

I heard, but scarcely heeded, all this "chaff."

The door opened; a lady in well-fitting habit appeared. Mechanically I rose as she came in. I looked at her for one brief second, the next I had clasped her in my arms.

"Rosie, my darling Rosie, can it be you indeed?"

No doubt about it. She had come to thank me. For what? For saving her life that night when Sir John Carney's house was burnt.

It was Rosie I had rescued, then. No wonder my heart had beat so fast while we floated down the stream.

Rosie was my own at last. She is mine still, thank Heaven!

Very little explanation is necessary. Mrs. Temple and her daughter had been paying a round of visits, and while staying at Sir John Carney's house the fire broke out. Rosie had been my companion during that twenty minutes in the water. Wrapped up as she was, and silent as we both were, we did not recognise each other in the dark. The miller had stopped the wheel and pulled Rosie out of the eddy just in time.

The readers will almost guess the sequel. Soon after my return to London I was appointed secretary of a nice little salary, and work to match, all through the influence of the good solicitor. This employment left me leisure for other work which I was lucky enough to obtain, and my success emboldened me to ask for Rosie once more.

This time I was not refused. We were married the year following; and now, when we wander "over hill, over dale," we often recall how we struggled together for life that memorable night, "through flood and fire."

ON AND OFF THE LINE.

BY MARK HARDCASTLE.

Only junior clerk in a provincial bank. It was part of my duty to go once a week to open a branch bank at Merric. So every Thursday, which was the market day there, I took the necessary money from our parent bank in Littleborough and brought back the deposits at night.

It was a bitter cutting February evening and I was wrapped to the ears in coats and comforters as I hurried into the Merric station with nine thousand pounds, chiefly in gold, safe in my little black bag, my little bag safe in my hand, and the key of it safe in my pocket. I entered the refreshment room and in a pleasant tone of patronage requested a wavy-haired young lady to prepare me a fortification against the inner cold. She was standing opposite me, smiling and joking, while I drank it, when a light young voice beside me said suddenly, "I will take just such another glass, if you please. I have to go on to Littleborough by the next train, and there is every prospect of my being found frozen without some prevention of this kind."

I do not know how it came about; perhaps the smiles of the purveyor: but when the empty glasses were deposited on the counter and the comforters readjusted, we were chatting as easily together as old acquaintances; and we naturally turned out of the room together. He had a little valise with him, that I notice he had never put out of his hand, and of which he seemed to take especial care; so it may have been a fellow feeling which made us friendly. As the train came puffing in he looked down at his valise, and said with pleasant frankness, "I must be particular in choosing my seat, for I have property here which I dare not lose sight of."

I smiled, but my old caution was too deeply rooted for me to return his confidence.

"I would rather choose an empty carriage, I think," he went on; "it is generally safest when one carries valuable luggage. I have notes and papers here, do you know, my dear fellow, worth many thousands; I have kept them under my eye night and day since I left Glasgow with them a week ago, and shall do so until I deposit them with the firm to-morrow. One is obliged to be so very downy when one travels for such a firm as ours."

While he talked, the train came in, and, instead of hastening to our seats, we sauntered up just as the other passengers were settling themselves in their places, and looked into each carriage as we passed, at least my companion did, while I admired the cool, polite way he did it, when it was plain to me all the time how keenly observant he was. At last he turned and whispered to me, "A widow in the very deepest weeds and woe is not a lively companion, but a peculiarly safe one on an occasion like this. Will you venture, or shall you try to——"

"Make haste, I am coming," said I, following him, as the guard came up hastily to lock the doors.

"That's right," he replied, as he laid his valise on the seat beside him. "I am such a thoroughly anxious fellow in travelling, that I felt anxious not to lose my companion. I feel safer when with some one who is, like myself, responsible for much."

Before I had time to ask him how he knew I was responsible for much—though I easily understood how he could guess it—he turned with gentle courtesy to our fellow traveller.

"A bitter night, ma'am, is it not?" She only bowed and he went on. "You are going on to Littleborough, I hope, as we are, and I hope, too, that no one will disturb us between now and then."

While he spoke I had time to notice her, though a thick widow's veil hid her features and complexion so entirely that all I could discover was that she was young and had a quantity of wavy light hair low upon her forehead. She seemed tall, too; but was so silent and sad that whether she was agreeable or otherwise I had no chance of judging. It did not signify much, for my new acquaintance, whose name, as he candidly showed me on the address of his valise, was Donald Frazer, talked enough for us all; and, though it is often tiresome for long together, it was very amusing on that cold night in the gloomy, half-lit carriage, and shortened the way so much that I was astonished when I found the train was stopping at Wynn, the last station at which it would stop before Littleborough. Fraser looked out and hailed the guard. "How long do we stop here?" he asked.

"About five minutes. The up express passes us here."

He looked in again—at me, at his luggage, at the lady beside us, at his valise again, then rose and hesitated.

"I must have a brisk walk up and down for these few minutes," said he "or I shall be petrified here. There's not a soul getting out or in. Will you come, sir?" I wavered. "I know," he said, bowing politely to the widow lady, "that I may leave my luggage in your care for three minutes. It is almost as if I left my life in your hands—which indeed I could hardly hesitate to do. You have no luggage of your own, I remark, to encumber you. Will you be so very kind as to take charge of mine? This gentleman perhaps will display a similar confidence, where I am sure it can safely be displayed."

I should have blushed with shame to do otherwise when she bowed so graciously. I smiled and said a few commonplace words, not very suitable to the occasion, I dare say, and followed Frazer down, not over willingly, until he whispered confidentially, as he took my arm, "You see, my dear fellow, she is a lady, and a trustworthy lady; but I am so cautious that even that will not satisfy me alone. But, don't you see, we can keep the carriage in sight while we walk a little life into our limbs. No one is about, and it is all as clear as daylight."

So, laughing and talking, we walked up and down the long platform, each taking a light and enjoying a quiet pull. No one was about, as he had said, for those few minutes; and as the express dashed past we simultaneously made a rush at our carriage. I felt that I had kept it in my eye all the time. I went to it direct, as I thought, and jumped in. Fraser closely followed me as the engine shrieked. The porter ran along after us, and we were off.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, looking round in blank bewilderment; "the wrong carriage!"

Fraser was wringing his hands opposite me.

"What shall we do?" was all he could say; "what shall we do?"

Even then, in all my anxiety, I was rather ashamed of the dismay in our faces, and the helplessness of our position, before the gentleman who was in the carriage; a small, pale, dark-haired clergyman, in a suit of glossy black, and a small, spotless white tie.

"You will think we are mad, sir," said Fraser, changing his tone, as his thoughts apparently followed mine; "but the fact is ——" and he told him the fact, not too concisely.

"Do you think any one got into her carriage at Wynn?"

"No, certainly, no. I could swear it," I answered, impetuously.

"Then, so far as you are concerned," he said gently to us both, "it is all right; for we do not stop again and so no one can appropriate your possessions."

Hardly did this clear, natural view of the case satisfy us, though it had more weight with me than with Fraser.

"Let me advise one of you," continued our sympathetic little fellow-passenger, "to watch the carriages as we stop at Littleborough, and jump out at once—one going to the carriage in front, the other to that behind. Your old seats must surely have been no further away than that."

"Surely," said I, and what a blundering fool I was to mistake them!"

We grew almost cheerful together on the way, and laid aside the remembrance of our missing luggage. We had given up our tickets at Wynn, and, as the train slackened speed for Littleborough, Fraser took out his key, and before the train had well stopped we were both out. To the right I went, to the left Fraser, and two minutes afterward we met, with a gray blank look into each other's faces; but, without speaking, I passed him, and took my station at the door of exit. No one had passed out. I saw the whole station-court in the gaslight, bare and empty; but what a fool I was to imagine such a thing, when we had seen every carriage before an occupant had left it.

"What on earth does it mean?" I gasped clutching Fraser by the arm as he joined me, and still gazing into every face that passed me, as if my search in the glare of light were a vague dream. "Where is she?"

"Then you have not seen her?" he whispered, breathlessly, "I believe I am going mad!" and then he fell back to his old wail of, "What shall we do?—what can we do?"

I made inquiries from the guard as calmly as I could. Yes, he had taken a ticket from a lady in black at Wynn. Had she not been in the same carriage with myself? He had not noticed whether she left the train there or here. The little clergyman came up to us as I spoke, a porter behind, carrying the hamper.

"This is most unaccountable, sir," he said, offering me his hand. "Had you not better telegraph back to Wynn, and all along the line? I am so very sorry for this sad termination to your journey, and especially for your friend, who seems quite bowed down." I shook his hand without answering. "You will surely telegraph?" he questioned.

"Indeed, sir, we shall do all that can be done. Good night," I said; and when he called a cab and took himself and his hamper off, I missed his sympathy and encouragement.

Fraser and I left no stone in our way unturned. We telegraphed to every station, but the answers were all unsatisfactory; no widow lady had left that train at any station, and there we came to a standstill. The porters had let out no lady in black at Littleborough, they could swear; but that we knew before. What could we do now? We separated in a miserable despairing way, and I went at once to the bank and reported myself to the senior clerk who lived on the premises. He could make nothing of my story, as who could have done? and looked so grave and troubled, that it gave me a foretaste of what the interviews that followed would be.

That whole night he and I and Fraser, as well as a detective whom we left behind us at Wynn, spent between the two towns, but we met with no success, and next day came the summons into the presence of the assembled partners. I told my story as simply as I could; and Fraser, who was with me, and in the direst distress, added his own experience. They repeated once more the question which everybody had asked me since the detective began it—"Had the lady no luggage of her own?"

"To the best of my remembrance, no," I said, turning to Fraser.

"No," he answered, feeling himself appealed to, "none at all." He had noticed it, he said, and, if I recollected, remarked upon it to her when he had left his own.

"Your property was not in gold, I believe?" was then asked of Fraser.

"The papers were the most valuable part of mine," he answered, dejectedly; "though there were notes to a considerable amount also, and—my own purse."

"May I ask to what house you belong?" he was next asked.

Politely and readily Fraser named a well-known Glasgow firm.

"Well, everything is done that can be done, I believe," said the head of the firm in his most austere tone. "The detectives are at work, and there is notice of the robbery everywhere by this time. You will be excused to-day, Styles, as you have been up all night. Good morning." And, as he turned, I felt most emphatically his back was turned upon me.

"I shall be off by the next train," said Fraser, as we walked together from the bank. "Good-bye. I hope we shall meet again when this black mystery is cleared. My situation is as good as gone, and I am already penniless and characterless."

Poor fellow! I could hardly bear to look into his miserable face. I made him take the half of what I had in my own pocket; and then I went slowly to my solitary lodgings, feeling that I too should soon find my situation gone and feel myself penniless and characterless.

The next few days passed in a restless excitement. Not the faintest possible clue appeared to be obtainable. Then the miserable gloom and coldness grew unbearable. The chilling reserve of the partners; the half hidden suspicion of the senior clerk, and, worst of all, the pitying friendliness of my subordinates, crushed me utterly. In my misery I resolved to resign my situation. I remember going to the bank as if in a dream and speaking to the senior clerk of my resolve and then all was darkness and forgetfulness.

I was ill a long time, but when I was able to walk easily again, I called by appointment on the senior partner. He was generous and cordial to me—told me my resignation was accepted but that he was able to obtain for me, if I wished it, a good appointment on the railroad. I did wish it as you may be sure.

"I am glad you accept it," he said, heartily; "and I hope you will be successful. Now, take another glass of wine; you look as if you might drink it by the bottle. Let me hear how you get on."

We parted, without a word of the robbery having been spoken between us, and in a few days I bade good-bye to Littleborough, and turned to my new life. It was a very pleasant one; and for years I have been thankful to think how soon I learned to enjoy my work. That fellow-feeling with poor Fraser, which had lain dormant so long, prompted me now to write to him, and tell him how things had turned out with me, and sending my address. This letter I inclosed with one to the firm in Glasgow, begging them, if he were not with them still, and they knew where he was, to forward it. The reply astonished me. They had never known a Mr. Donald Fraser; certainly they had never had a clerk bearing that name, nor were they connected in any way with the robbery I had mentioned. From that moment the circumstances of that February night seemed only more inexplicable than ever.

I had been a long time in my new situation, when one day I found myself at the Easton station when they were holding the auction of unclaimed luggage, and I stood to watch the performance until my train should start. Lazily and unconcernedly I watched the different articles put up until one suddenly excited my curiosity. A black bag, so like my own old one, that involuntarily I put my hand into my pocket to feel if the key were on my bunch. It was knocked down to me. I carried it into my room, and took out the key; it slipped easily and naturally into the lock, and the bag opened with a queer familiarity. It was full of a lady's things. First a widow's bonnet, flattened and damaged certainly, but recognisable easily; then a long skirt of heavy black stuff; and lastly a shawl of what seemed the same. There they were, and I recognized them all as the dress of my fellow-traveller between Merric and Wynn on the night of the robbery.

I went over that evening journey again and again. Each time it grew more clear to me that I had been duped from beginning to end; duped by two of the very cleverest rogues I had ever heard of. He had taken me to that carriage on purpose—Idiot that I was!—with his lying story of his own valuable property; and there his confederate sat in this disguise—no luggage, of course not. Might not the little clergyman have been the widow as well as any one else? So it came to me by degrees, all except the one point of whether the thief had really been in the carriage with me to my journey's end. Years were to pass before that point was settled for me.

It was a beautiful calm August evening, and having business on the branch line that had lately been opened to a gay and fashionable sea-bathing town, I determined to stay there for a couple of days to enjoy a dip or two. On the first evening, as I strolled to the beach, I was surprised to see a dense crowd collected in one spot. On approaching I found it to be a number of eager listeners to an open-air sermon, and looking at the preacher, who was elevated on an old boat, I recognised at once one of the men who was so often in my thoughts. There he was; changed in no one single respect; small, and neat, and glossy, with the delicate face and gentle eyes, and the black suit and spotless tie of that eventful night when I saw him last. I stood and listened for a long time; but he went on so much longer than I cared to wait in one place, that I soon sauntered off.

The next morning the coffee-room was busy indeed; the tongues went faster than the knives and forks—and that is saying much. The waiters lingered behind each chair, listening to the comments on the startling piece of news that had shaken the town—the daring and cunning robbery of the jeweler's shop the night before—the skilful way in which the theft had been performed, and the total absence of any trace of the thief or thieves.

The strangeness of the coincidence struck me. The reminder of another robbery, which the sight of the little preacher had given me, being followed by this, and the effect it had upon me was chiefly to enforce all my thoughts of vengeance and determination to follow up my clue. I did not go to the scene of the robbery, though I carefully took the address thinking I would go, if I had time, afterwards; then I walked to the station. No need for hurry I said; the thieves would not hasten off in the early empty trains—no fear of that. The first train was preparing to start, and the passengers took their seats, little thinking how they were scanned and examined by the lazy-looking individual who loitered here and there and everywhere upon the platform. At last, out from the booking-office came two gentlemen, arm-in-arm. One, an old, stooping man, with a full gray moustache and beard, and a velvet cap with a deep poke over his eyes; the other a delicate-looking young clergyman, apparently, with a light leather desk, held by a strap in his hand. They took their seats in a first-class carriage; and I, though half ashamed of my vicious resolution, yet holding to it like grim death, hurried into a carriage behind.

There seemed no end to the stations upon our way. I was thinking what a relief it would be to me to know our destination, when suddenly I felt a strange, unaccountable shock, my carriage reeled and tottered on the line, then steadied itself, and was stationary. I fancied I understood it before I looked from the window, and when I did so I found I was right. The points were under repair, the temporary fastenings had given away, and the carriages in front of me were thrown off the line and down a slight embankment. No need to tell what passed, or what I looked down upon, or what I heard.

Years have passed since that night, but every word and every sight is as fresh in my memory as the sights and sounds of yesterday. I found at last what I was seeking. In the corner of a field, among the full eared, golden corn, he lay, his head against a heap of stones, his slight figure writhing in agony, his delicate young face pale and ghastly; and close beside him lay the leather desk I had remarked before. Not stopping for one moment to think, I sat upon the stones and took his head upon my knee. I had a flask in my pocket, and I poured some brandy into his mouth, and bent my face uncertain if he breathed.

"Do you want me even now?" he said, faintly. "He saw you following us."

"Where is he?" I asked, steadily gazing down into the dim eyes, as if afraid of the light fading there too soon.

"He was with me in the train. Has he escaped?"

I turned away my head, but not to look for Frazer, who had duped me once more. Presently I looked again down into the quivering face.

"There is no one near us," I whispered; "Have you no word to say? Can you follow me?—can you say this after me?"

And the humble prayer of the poor publican rose to my lips. His lips moved at first convulsively, but no sound came until the last two words were said, "a sinner;" then there came a cry of pain, and the sinner was in the presence of his Judge.

The desk contained the jewelry that had been stolen the night before. The next day the owner received back his property, carefully packed and addressed, but with no clue as to who had taken it, or returned it.

The other thief I have never seen or heard of since; but my resolution of hunting him down is broken. Life is too short and the death I faced in doing so before was too awfully sudden for me to care to make another attempt.

When I meet the gentlemen belonging to the Littleborough bank, I take the hand-shakes they give me; and if there still rests upon me the shadow of that cloud, why I am very sorry. But it does not hurt me, and surely the dead may rest in peace.

CALIFORNIA BIG TREES.—Only one of the big trees of California has ever been felled by the hand of man. To accomplish this it required the work of five men for twenty-two days, not chopping, but with long augurs boring it down. After the tree was completely severed, the veteran still stood unmoved, refusing to fall, until by ropes and pulleys and wedges, the enormous trunk was brought to the earth. This tree was found to be over 300 feet long, ninety-six feet in circumference at the base, and sound to the very heart.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE MOSQUITO IN DISEASE.—The mosquito is now charged with acting as the medium of transferring certain infectious paris from the blood of one person to that of another, and thus diffusing disease.

TEMPERED GLASS.—The once greatly praised tempered glass has now fallen into disfavor. Its liability to explode is fatal to the future magnitude of the industry of which it is the basis. The utility of the articles made of it is not greater than that of the well-known toys termed Prince Rupert's drops, from which they differ only in form.

METALLIC TILES.—Metallic tiles are being introduced very extensively in several countries on the continent of Europe. They are lighter than common tiles, and do not decay so rapidly as might be imagined. Corrugated plate and charcoal pig-iron are both used by the manufacturers of this new kind of roofing.

POISONOUS DYES.—The Association for Protecting the Interests of Chemical Industry in Germany took up the question of legislative prohibition of the use of poisonous colors at the late meeting. The debate was continued for a long time. It was the general conclusion of the society that no coloring substance should be considered poisonous in the eye of the law and subjected to legal restrictions until it had been fully examined and properly tested by duly qualified chemists and physiologists. Vexatious Governmental interference appears to be dreaded by the dye-manufacturers.

FEMININITIES.

The beef-eater and jockey are new London hats.

Pearls bid fair to be more fashionable than diamonds.

Every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

A lover recently wrote his girl to meet him at the canon's mouth. They live in Colorado.

Some women spend their pin money in jewelry, and the husbands theirs in bowling alleys.

Doro Goodale, one of the regular contributors of Scribner's Monthly, is only 11 years old.

Some people say it is dark haired women who marry the soonest, but elderly spinsters maintain that it is the light headed ones.

A bachelor has left a boarding house, in which were a number of old maids, on account of "miserable *fair* set before him at the table."

A girl says that when she dies she desires to have tobacco planted over her grave, that the weed nourished by her dust may be chewed by her bereaved lovers. There is poetry in the idea.

When you send a paper to a young lady, just cut out a small item—no matter what. Ten to one she will take pains to secure a duplicate of the paper, merely to gratify her curiosity by finding the missing paragraph.

A Chicago chap advertises for several steady girls to help on pantaloons. And an envious scribe says that a fellow who can't help on his own pantaloons ought to be ashamed to want girls to do it.

An Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide which county she had better commence proceedings in for breach of promise.

One of the newest London fashions is a revival of the old long Chesterfield man's coat for women's wear. It may be worn with a skirt of the same material or another, according to fancy. It has pockets at the waist and simulated ones at the back.

There may be no more edifying and ennobling sight than to see a lady have a tussle with her best dress on Sunday morning, after the church bells begin to ring, and she finds, at the last moment, it malignantly refuses to hang right behind. Angels couldn't use their loars to better advantage than at such a time—so we've been told.

Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, and a passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the fair self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

The most extraordinary marriage ceremony on record recently occurred at two places at once—Washington Court House, Ohio, and Georgetown, Colorado, the bridegroom being at the latter place and the bride at the former, and being wedded by telegraph, though 3,000 miles apart. Immediately after the ceremony was concluded the bride started to meet her husband in his Western home.

TAKE CARE OF THE PETS.

Do you keep pets? I was going to say. Of course you do. At all events, there are very few children who do not.

Now, I should not like to know that any of my young readers ever neglected their pets; still, the warning conveyed in my title is sometimes needed. So I will relate one or two little stories, which I think will make those who are careful of their pets glad that they are so, and I hope teach those who are not careful to be so.

My first story is about—

WILLIE WINTER'S WHITE MICE.

"Willie, Willie, look here! If you leave your mice about like this you'll have them die, you know. The idea of your leaving the poor little things out in the garden, and in the rain too! Whatever could you have been thinking about? Why, if I hadn't happened to go out just as I did, they would have been left there all night. I do believe; and if the cold and wet hadn't killed them the cats would!"

The speaker was Willie's elder sister, Rachel, who now handed him the cage all dripping wet.

"Oh my!" said Willie; "I forgot all about them. But I should have thought of them presently; besides, it didn't rain when I was out there."

"Well, but rain or no rain, how careless it was of you!" returned his sister. "And as to you thinking of them presently, I'm afraid you would have gone to bed without another thought about them. You really ought to be more careful: you ought indeed!"

Willie felt that he had no answer to make to his sister's reproof, so he took the cage without a word, and put it safely away in its place for the night.

Do you think his sister's rebuke made him more thoughtful in the future? I am sorry to say it did not.

It was only a few minutes after this conversation that, just before he went to bed, after playing with his mice all the evening, he took them out into the outhouse to place them on the topshelf as usual, out the way of the cat. But when he got there, he found that the chair which he used to stand upon in order to reach the shelf was covered with chips of wood and tools that he had been doing something with earlier in the evening. He put the cage on the ground to clear the chair, and having done so, went away with his usual thoughtlessness, and forgot all about his mice.

His sister and his mother were both busy upstairs, and it was not until a good while after Willie had gone to bed that Rachel said—"I wonder whether Willie put his mice away safely? I suppose I had better go and see: he is so very careless."

She took a candle, and went down. And what do you think she saw? The cage upon the floor, and the cat with one mouse in her mouth, and the other lying dead beside her. She must have slipped in as Willie went out, and finding the cage on the floor, scratched at it and knocked it about, until she got the door open and secured her prey.

When Rachel found that both mice were killed, her first thought was to beat the cat well; but before she could catch her, she reflected that puss had only followed her natural instinct, and that it was Willie who was really to blame for carelessly leaving the poor little things in her reach.

Of course, Willie was dreadfully shocked when he discovered the fate of his pets. He felt that he had been guilty of a grevious fault, for the little creatures had been taken under his care and protection, and it was his duty to see that no harm befell them.

Whether he ever had any more pets I do not know; but if he did, let us hope that he was more thoughtful, and careful of them than he was of his white mice.

The next story I have to tell you is the story of—

CHARLIE'S KITTEN.

Charlie's kitten was a little tabby fellow, so plump and round, that the moment Charlie first set eyes upon him he christened him "Chubby," and as Chubby he was known from that time forward.

Now, Master Chubby was as wayward a little puss as ever mewed, and gave Charlie no end of trouble to keep him from being lost. Sometimes he would scamper off into the street and down somebody else's area, or into somebody else's garden, and Charlie would go from house to house seeking for him. At other times he would hide away for hours, no one knew where, and just as he was about being given up for lost would walk in as quietly as if nothing had happened.

But one evening it was thought that Master Chubby would never be found again.

He had disappeared in a mysterious manner early in the day, and had never been seen since. Charlie had hunted for him everywhere, and at last was obliged to go to bed with the sad feeling that Chubby would never be seen again. He was so distressed that he could not sleep, but lay awake hour after hour thinking of his loss.

The night was very dark, with rain and wind, and Charlie was an exceedingly timid child, always afraid of the dark; and as he lay there listening to the rain as it beat against his window, and the wind as it moaned in the chimney, he felt very dull and lonely.

By-and-by he thought that, mingled with the sound of the rain and the wind, he heard a faint mewing. He strained his ears to listen; he even jumped up in the bed, dark as it was. Yes, he was certain of it—it was Chubby's voice. The silly creature ought to be let in; but how could he go down the dark stairs to the garden door? He shrank from the thought. He would call his mother, and tell her that his kitten was there. But then he reflected that baby was poorly and cross, and that if she were awakened mother would perhaps get no more sleep that night. He hesitated; Chubby mewed louder than ever; he determined to brave the darkness and go down himself. So he fumbled about for something to throw around him, and crept down the dark stairs, trembling with fear at every step. He let in the troublesome little truant, all soaked and dripping, shut him up in the kitchen, and crept upstairs to bed again, wondering at his own bravery.

And he was brave! He thought that he ought to go down, and he went. And he who fears danger and yet faces it because duty calls him, is the bravest of the brave.

CARRIE HILL AND HER CANARY.

Carrie Hill's canary was a birthday present from one of her aunts. He was a pretty little creature, and a beautiful singer; and he and his young mistress soon became very much attached to each other. Every morning he would wake her from her slumbers with his cheerful song, and the first thing Carrie did when breakfast was over was to see that "Dicky's" cage was nice and clean, and that he had a proper supply of food and water.

Now, it happened one day, in the beautiful summer weather, that Carrie's papa and mamma were to take her along with her aunt and cousins for a picnic in the woods.

When the happy morning came, bright and sunny, Carrie was so much excited with the prospect of the pleasure in store, and the bustle of getting ready, that when she went to Dicky's cage to fill his glasses with food and water, she committed a very sad blunder. My young readers know, of course, that the glasses which contain the seeds and water for a bird in a cage have a round opening on one side, through which the little creature puts its head to eat and drink. Now, Carrie filled the water glass as usual, but in fixing it in its place in the cage she turned it round, with the opening outwards, so that poor Dicky could not get at the water. Then, not noticing what she had done, she hung the cage in its place, and went merrily to her preparations for the picnic.

Of course she enjoyed herself very much in the romps and pastimes of the day, never dreaming that through all its long sultry hours poor Dicky was parching with thirst. When at sunset they started for home, Carrie's papa and mamma were persuaded by her aunt not to go to her house and spend the evening with her, and when Carrie arrived home somewhat later than her usual bed-time, she was so tired out that she thought of nothing but getting to her rest.

In the morning, much later than usual, the child awoke from her heavy slumbers, and was struck by the strange stillness of the room. Dicky's cheerful song did not greet her ear; there was not even the sound of his restless fluttering about the cage. A sudden fear smote her; she jumped up in haste and ran to the cage. Dicky was lying at the bottom quite dead! She looked at his water glass to see if he had water, and saw at once what a sad mistake she had made.

"Oh, my poor dear Dicky!" she cried, as she opened the cage and took him gently up, "oh, my poor, poor Dicky!" And without waiting to dress, she ran to her mamma's room crying, "Oh, mamma, mamma! Dicky's dead!—he's dead!"

"Why, what have you been doing to him?" asked mamma, much concerned.

"Oh, mamma, he hasn't had a drop of water all night and all day yesterday! I turned his glass round the wrong way, and he couldn't get at it. And Mary ought to have seen to it, and she didn't."

"I don't think you can blame Mary," said mamma; "you know you never liked her to interfere with it, and it is not likely that she thought anything at all about it. How could you be so forgetful as to turn his glass round like that?"

A burst of tears was the child's only answer. How she blamed herself for being so thoughtless! How she wished there had been no picnic at all! To think that her poor little Dicky, so dear to her, should have been killed by her own neglect! And she crept away to her room, once so cheerful with Dicky's merry songs and now so sad and silent, and cried the livelong day.

Now, we must not judge Carrie Hill too harshly, because her mistake was one which, in similar circumstances, any child might have made. Yet the story shows how very careful we ought to be for the welfare of the helpless creatures whose charge we may have undertaken, and especially when we desire, as Carrie did, to have the entire care of them ourselves.

Let me end my little narrative as I began it, with the hope that if there are any of my readers who are not as careful of their pets as they ought to be, the perusal of these simple stories will teach them to be so.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Changing a Plant's Sleeping Hours.—A French chemist recently changed the sleeping hours of a plant by exposing it to a bright light at night and placing it in a dark room during the day. The plant at first appeared much puzzled. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, in spite of the artificial sun beaming upon it at night, and in the day time it sometimes awoke. It finally submitted to the change, unfolding itself regularly at night and closing in the morning.

How They do in China.—In the case of a Chinaman recently convicted of a petty crime in a San Francisco court, an affidavit was presented by a gentleman, who avers, among other things, that he has for fifteen years been a student of the Chinese language and customs, and that he had discovered that in China, when a Chinaman escapes after arrest for crime and cannot be produced for trial, the authorities seize every person bearing the same family name as the original prisoner; and in the event of the latter not being captured within a certain time, his nearest kinsman is selected from those arrested in his place and tried as the culprit.

Strange Change of Fortune.—A remarkable change of fortune, both good and bad, is reported from Cologne, Germany. In 1852 two young communists, after a trial in which all Germany was interested, were sentenced to six year's imprisonment, and served out their time. The three chief witnesses against them were a police inspector, a constable, and a lieutenant in the army. The lieutenant afterward abused a trust, ran away, and finally shot himself; the police inspector also committed suicide; and the constable, though still living, is broken down in health and poor. Of the two criminals, one is now Mayor of Cologne and a member of the Prussian House of Peers, and the other is a member of the Lower House and is highly esteemed.

Origin of a Well Known Saying.—Many people often use the saying: "Never swap horses while crossing a stream" without knowing the incident said to have given rise to it. The following however is the generally accepted version: An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio, in a steamer, with a mare and a two-year old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Indiana man, as he rose puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would take him ashore. The old mare took a direct line for the shore; but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current with the owner. "Let go the colt, and hang on the old mare!" shouted some of his friends. "Poob, pooh!" exclaimed the Indiana man, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "it's mighty fine, you telling me to leave go the colt; but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for changing horses!"

With as much gravity as he could command an English bishop has been investigating a practical joke. Some commotion was caused by the refusal of the Vicar of Sheen, near Ashbourne, to administer holy communion to a young man whom he deemed unworthy. The Bishop of Lichfield, after much correspondence and cross examination, has ascertained what was the impropriety with which the young communicant was charged. One morning in August he went to the house of a young woman of the village and pulled a string which she had put through the window, and which was attached to her foot, thus awakening her. The freak arose out of a wager between them as to which could get up first.

Persons who have been dilatory in taking into the house their tender plants and now find them occasionally frostbitten, may be glad to know that English gardeners thaw them out successfully (when not too severely nipped) by sprinkling them copiously with cold water. It is useless, however, to apply the cold water before the temperature rises above the freezing point, for then the cure will be worse than the disease.

The secret of the manufacture of that famous Brazilian poison, curare, has been discovered by Professor Jovert, who bribed one of the Amazon Indians to confide it to him. The Professor has reproduced the compound, and ascertained the physiological action of each ingredient.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Axle Grease.—One pint castor oil, the same of grass-fed beef tallow, and one pound of rosin. Put into a small kettle together, stir over a fire until the rosin is thoroughly dissolved.

Salt for Cows.—A successful dairyman feeds his cows night and morning the year round, and in each feed puts a teaspoonful of salt. He considers this method of salting cows preferable to the usual one of giving animals salt once or twice a week, and thinks his method adds largely to the amount of milk given.

Diseased Trees.—The only effective way of curing decaying holes in trees is to make a plug of oak or other hard wood, smear it with tar, and hammer it tight in the hole until its outer surface is on the same level as the bole. If there is any recuperative power left in the tree the bark will soon grow over the plug and the wound be perfectly healed, which will never happen with the concrete process.

How to Use a Grindstone.—First, don't waste the stone by running it in water; but, if you do, don't allow it to stand in water, when not in use, as this will cause a soft place. Second, wet the stone by dropping water on it from a pot suspended above the stone, and stop off the water when not in use. Third, don't allow the stone to get out of order, but keep it perfectly round by the use of gas pipe or hacker. Fourth, clean off all greasy tools before sharpening, as grease or oil destroys the grit.

House Feed.—Hay and oats make the best feed for horses that are obliged to work hard and regularly. If the hay is cut and the oats bruised or ground, the whole mixed or moistened, the horse will eat his rations quicker, digest them sooner, and thus have more time for resting and renewing his power for labor. Farmers' horses that work little during the winter may be kept cheaper by cutting and mixing bright straw and hay in equal quantities, and adding a ration of steamed potatoes or raw carrots.

Care of Fruit.—Fruit in cellars is likely to suffer from heat rather than cold. In the slow operation of ripening, heat and carbonic acid are thrown off. Whenever the temperature approaches forty degrees, the outer air, if cooler, should be let in to reduce it. In the house cellar the accumulation of carbonic acid would be injurious to the health of the family, and it is highly important that this be removed by ventilation. In fruit cellars apart from the house this is not necessary, as the presence of this gas, so injurious to animal life, tends to preserve the fruit, as it excludes the atmospheric air.

Unprecedented offer to our readers made by that unrivalled organ manufacturer, Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey. Read his latest and best announcement in this issue—it far excels in price any competitors' figures, while the quality of the Beatty instruments is unexcelled.

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A GOOD PLAN

The most profitable plan for operating in stocks is that of uniting capital of various sums by combining or pooling the orders of thousands of customers and using them as one mighty whole, which has been done so successfully by Messrs. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y. City. By this co-operative system each investor is placed on an equal footing with the largest operator, and profits are divided pro rata among shareholders every 30 days. An investment of $10 would pay $20, making 5 per cent. on the stock during the month. $25 would return $50, or 6 per cent.; $100 would make $1,600, or 10 per cent., and so on, according to the market. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 29th, says: "The Combination method of operating in stocks is the most successful ever adopted." New York Independent, September 12, says: "The Combination System is founded upon correct business principles and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 20th says, "Our editor made a net profit of $101.25 on an investment of $25 in one of Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s combinations. The firm's new circular (copyrighted and sent free) contains "Twenty-two rules for success in stock operations," and explains everything. All kinds of Stock and Bonds wanted. New Government Loans supplied. Best references. Address Lawrence & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 57 Exchange Place, New York city.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

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BE IT SEATED IN THE Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS,

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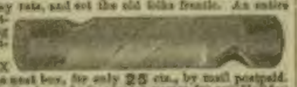

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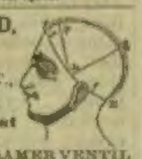

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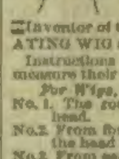

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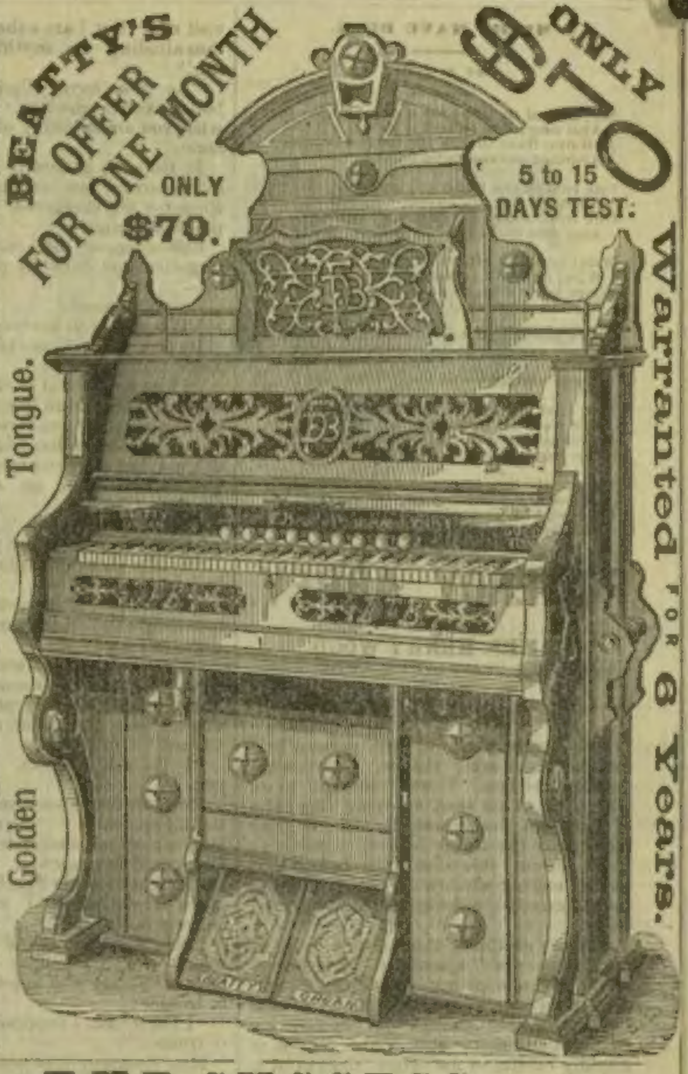

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One of the Greatest Inventions of the Age.

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ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left.

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THE SUNDAY GUEST free for three months. Pictures and stories. Write to G. U. Wenner, 528 8th St., N. Y.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

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A NEW AND PERFECT HORSE SHOE.

Made of welded Steel and Iron with continuous calk.

Acknowledged to be the best shoe in the world. Prevents interfering. Lameness usually caused by shoeing entirely prevented by its use. Horses having quarter-cracks, tender feet, and Corns travel with ease. Trial set with nails sent on receipt of $1.00.

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MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY O. H. S.

See, one of us lives for glory,
And one of us lives for pain;
And one lives low in the furrow,
Another carves out a name.

One loveth the flaunting poppy,
Another the lily sweet;
One towers o'er his fellow mortals,
And one must crouch at their feet.

What boots it, riches or glory?
What boots it, passion or fame?
There is He who, eternal reaper,
Shall harvest us all the same.

There are clouds on each soul's horizon,
There are specks on the wisest sight;
There are blots on the sun's own glory,
There are motes in the golden light.

And God be praised that it is so,
For were all tints rose below,
We should live for this world only,
Nor hope of a future know.

We should live for a passing pageant
Of many a varied scene;
Die, most of us broken-hearted,
Thinking—what might have been.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X—[CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Pomeroy sat on, her parasol held over her right arm; that is, between her face and the sun. It was pleasant to recline there at her ease, enjoying the balm of the warm and tranquil air. A great bleak place the abbey looked, something like a prison; this west pile before her, having neither window or outlet, nothing but its massive, unbroken, lichen-covered walls.

"Thank goodness, this solitude will be over to-morrow!" ejaculated Mrs. Pomeroy. "I can wear my new dresses, and there'll be people to see them. I'm sure I was quite well enough for company a fortnight and more ago, only Guy is so stupidly careful of me. How delightful it will be!"

Lost in this charming prospect—and to Mrs. Pomeroy, vain and frivolous, gaiety was always charming—she fell into a train of thought; from which she was aroused by the sound of footsteps behind her, hastening down the slope of the Keep. She turned her head, and—

What was it that dazzled her eyes, as if the glaring sun had suddenly flashed upon them? What was it that dazzled her mind to bewilderment? She rose up, little conscious what she did; her cheeks flushed and paled, paled and flushed, her hands trembled, her heart grew sick and dizzy. Whose form was it, that caused all this emotion?

It was that of a noble-looking man, of the remarkable height, the well-turned limbs, the fine make of her own husband; indeed just for a moment she thought it was Guy, and wondered what brought him there. But no, it was not Guy: it was Rupert. Though much alike, Guy's countenance could not boast the remarkable beauty of this one, for Guy had his hare-lip, his stern look, and his unnaturally pale complexion. Yes, it was Rupert. Rupert whom she had not heard of, or seen, for two years.

Rupert Pomeroy drew a step back as she rose and turned her face to him: he had not observed her. She looked at him, not speaking, but she could not conceal the agitation which had taken possession of her whole frame: and he halted and stood before her. Alas! though she had resolutely thrust Rupert Pomeroy from her mind, and so believed she had thrust him from her heart, this sudden meeting served to show that the love had been only smouldering. She covered her agitation with a look of scorn, for that was the chief feeling kept uppermost, since she believed that he had wilfully played her false. Not less scornful, however, was the tone of Rupert.

"It is a surprise to me to meet the Lady of Pomeroy."

Again they stood gazing at each other, neither speaking. Mrs. Pomeroy remembered her position as the wife of his brother, and she struggled to maintain it as she ought.

"I believe I speak to Rupert Pomeroy?" she coldly said.

"Am I so changed that you need doubt it?" was his retort. "I should have thought, by the circumstances attending our last meeting, that you would only too well have remembered me. Have you forgotten that last meeting?"

She was thunderstruck at his audacity. "Do you know who I am?"

"To my cost I do know it. Guy's wife. But in that last meeting you swore to be mine. Alice," he continued, his voice trembling, "I trusted you from my very soul."

She could not comprehend; she advanced a step nearer to him. "Are you aiming to play off some deceit upon me again now, as you did then? To what end? You and I have nothing in common."

"Nothing?"

"Save hatred; contempt. They are what I feel for you."

He looked at her steadily, mockery in his eye and on his lip. She was excessively agitated; she could not understand his looks, his words. Instead of sinking to the earth with shame for his treachery, he appeared to throw blame and scorn on her.

"You are my husband's brother," she resumed, "and I will say to you what I would not stoop to say were I any other man's wife, though it may be that you are utterly callous, impervious to reproach. You came in secret to my mother's home to win my love——"

"And I thought I did win it."

"How dared you so come to befool me," she continued in agitation, waving away his interruption, "dastardly pretending your love was mine?"

"Dastardly!" retorted Rupert, his eyes flashing; "I am a Pomeroy. Was it more dastardly in one brother to seek you, than in the other. What, though Guy was the heir?—had you wanted position and riches, why did you not say so?"

"I did not want them. You know I did not."

He was silent.

"This show of recrimination will not serve your purpose," resumed Mrs. Pomeroy. "I would like an answer before I have done with the subject for ever. Once more I ask for an explanation, and if you have a grain of honor you will give it—why you came, dastardly deceiving me with your falsevows?"

"If you had aught about you as true as they were, you would do, Lady of Pomeroy. Whatever other ill I may have done, I loved you faithfully: as I have never loved and never shall love another."

"You may spare yourself the avowal, Rupert Pomeroy: to what end, I ask, lie about it now? I know who it was you did love——while you pretended to love and visit me. But I am ashamed of myself for thus alluding to anything so disgraceful."

"As you have alluded to it you had better explain, madam. I do not know what you are speaking of. On my word of honor."

In Rupert's generally gay eyes there sat so earnest an expression that Mrs. Pomeroy felt staggered. Did he in truth not understand?

She dropped her voice. "Have you forgotten that unhappy person who—who——"

"Pray proceed."

"Whom you took away with you?"

Rupert looked at her. "What person?"

"I know all about it—I blush for myself that I should design to allude to it again—but I wish you to understand that, though you succeeded in deceiving me for a space of time, the enlightenment came. Therefore we shall stand on equal ground for the future."

"I ask what person," he steadily reposed. "What do you mean?"

"Sybilla Gaunt," replied Mrs. Pomeroy, in a whisper.

After a stare of surprise, Rupert burst into laughter. Mrs. Pomeroy turned indignantly away.

He strode after her, and caught her by the arm. "Do you mean what you say, Mrs. Pomeroy? Is it possible that you suspect me of having abducted Sybilla Gaunt?"

"I do not suspect. I know it was you."

Her contemptuous manner had been telling upon him. "Then hear me," he said, almost as passionately as his brother Guy could have spoken. "I never had an ill thought towards Sybilla; I never had a grain of love for her; I swear it. You are entirely mistaken."

There was truth in his eye and in his tone. Mrs. Pomeroy turned ghastly pale. "Surely you knew that she fell in to trouble?"

"I know that. I suppose you ladies call it trouble."

Mrs. Pomeroy frowned. But she was in a very tumult of agitation, comprehending nothing, as it seemed, and could but pursue her questions.

"Did you know who was the author of it?"

"I did."

"Tell me, and I will believe all you say."

Rupert hesitated. "As to believing me, you must do as you please. If I ever spoke a word of truth in my life, I am speaking it now."

"Yes, yes, I do believe you. But you should not leave it in this uncertainty: you must tell me. Who was it?"

Still Rupert hesitated. "There exists a reason why it should not be known at Abbeyland. If I do tell you will you undertake to keep it secret?"

"I will."

"It was my brother George. Captain Pomeroy."

"Captain Pomeroy," she repeated below her breath. "Did he——"

"Ask me no questions," interrupted Rupert. "I can tell you nothing but the bare fact that George was the culprit. Who was it that put you on the wrong scent?"

"Guy."

"Guy! Then I shall have a score to settle with him."

"He believed it was you. The village believed it."

"Guy did not believe it—whatever the village might have done. The village laid many a peccadillo on my back, being a broad one, that had no legal right there. What did I care? it made me none the sadder."

"Guy did not!" dreamily repeated Mrs. Pomeroy.

"Guy knew better. He knew as much as I did."

"Joan thought it," she continued. "My mother thought it."

"Very likely. I have a broad back, I say, and always have had one. Was this the reason that you broke your vows to me?"

"Yes," she answered, her pale lips quivering. "Guy came to me one day, pressed me to be his wife: to get rid of his importunity I confided to him that I loved you, that I had promised to wait and be yours, and then he ridiculed my credulity, and told me you were the cause of all that had happened to Sybilla Gaunt. He said that Sybilla had followed you."

Rupert turned from her to give a strong word to his brother." And then you married him?"

"And then I married him. I was mad, Rupert: I did not care what became of me. He has played us both false."

"He has played us both false," echoed Rupert, "false as his own false nature. And yet I never knew it was false until now: for, with all his sternness, I took Guy to be the soul of honor. Let him look to himself!"

"But, Rupert, you never came, you never wrote," she pleaded, the tears running down her cheeks. "Why did you stay away in London all that while? What was I to think?"

Rupert coughed: conscience told him that he could clear himself less easily on this score than the other. But the best of us have excuses at hand.

"I stayed there hunting after that Government post which I expected. And, later, I got put into the Queen's Bench Prison: that must have been not long before your marriage. Do you know who put me there?"

"No."

"My brother, Guy!"

"Guy!"

"He did. In so far that he would not advance a poor, small, pitiful sum, just a few hundred, to keep me out of it. He wrote to our lawyer that a little spell at the Queen's Bench would do me good."

"Oh, Rupert! It has been a black plot of treachery against us both."

"It has; and it succeeded. He won you by a lie! Let him look to himself."

Rupert spoke in a pointed manner. Mrs. Pomeroy had little doubt what it was he alluded to, and she shuddered as with a sudden fear. That wild prediction, bearing dread portent for the Lords of Pomeroy, and implicitly believed in—when one of them should win a wife by means of a lie—recurred to her.

Rupert Pomeroy touched with his forefinger Mrs. Pomeroy's shoulder. "You love me still," he dared to say. "Nay, no denial. I see it."

"From my whole heart," she answered, for indignation was strong within her; and she had begun to hate her treacherous husband with a deadly hatred.

Oh, foolish woman! Ill-trained, ill-regulated, devoid of conscience, though she surely must be, how could she make so dangerous and wicked an avowal? The next moment she repented of it herself, the little grace within her was making itself heard; and some shame was in her face as she said a hasty farewell to Rupert.

"Won by a lie," she muttered to herself, "won by a lie!"

Rupert told the truth. George Pomeroy was the culprit, not himself, and he had been in George's confidence throughout: had done his best to aid in keeping the affair a secret from John Gaunt.

This same morning, two or three hours before, as Gaunt sat at his early breakfast, Rupert Pomeroy had walked in. "Will you give me house-room, Gaunt, for a few days?" he asked, after a greeting had passed.

"With pleasure; you know that Mr. Rupert," was the warm answer of the unsuspicious keeper, with whom Rupert was a favorite, "But what has the abbey done to you?"

"The abbey! do you think I would trouble that?" returned Rupert. "Not after Guy's unbrotherly conduct to me."

"What has he done?"

"He has let me languish in prison for I don't know how long, when three or four hundred at first would have saved me from it. Yes, Guy might have saved me when I was first arrested, and I'd have taken pretty good care they did not catch me again. Once put in there, and the fact known, all the liabilities I possessed came down upon me together. It was rather a jolly time, though. In there taking one thing with another."

"And how is it that you have managed to escape now?"

"Whitewashed," briefly rejoined Rupert: and Gaunt drew in his lips with an expression of pain. "Yes, of course, it is very degrading for a Pomeroy," Rupert added, noting the look; "but no one came to my aid, and I could not languish there for life. Guy will about die of it, I expect. Rare fun if he does."

Gaunt took the valise from Rupert's hand, and conducted him to the little spare chamber that was rarely occupied.

The Lord of Pomeroy's business that day at Owlstone was to take the chair at a country meeting, involving some question connected with religion. Guy, energetic upon the point, warm and earnest in supporting his own faith, stayed to discuss the matter with some friends after the prolonged meeting was over, and got home late. Alice was at dinner; she had not chosen to wait. Guy ran up to his dressing-room for a minute, and then sat down.

Whilst eating his dinner he told her about the meeting: what was said at it, what done. But that he was completely absorbed in the topic himself, he might have noted that his wife listened with callous indifference, scarcely deigning to make any reply.

In point of fact, Mrs. Pomeroy was boiling over with wrath, burning to "have it out," with Guy. She fully meant never to forgive her husband what he had done: never; she waited to tell him of the meeting with Rupert, and all she had learnt at it. But the servants were present, and she had to condemn herself to silence.

As the attendants quitted the room, leaving the dessert and wine on the table, Guy drew forth a packet of letters—three or four, tied together—from his pocket. Owlstone had two posts a day: Abbeyland but one; therefore, when any of the abbey people were at Owlstone in the afternoon, they called at the post-office to see if any letters lay there. As Guy had done to-day; and found these.

He proceeded to open them. For Alice this was another delay; he was always so absorbed in his letters, and she wanted his undivided attention. But the waiting was trying her; the tension of her nerves became well-nigh unbearable. Her breath was beginning to grow short; her throat beat; she laid her hand upon her neck to still it.

"Great heavens!"

The exclamation came from Guy; and it startled her. Startled her because he, the usually calm man, was so powerfully agitated. A dark flash of anger sat on his face, his eyes glared, he groaned in pain. The letter in his hand was in Mr. Hilyard's writing, their London solicitor; Alice could see that much. Surely it had brought some terrible news!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WRITING MATERIALS.—The materials used for writing on have varied in different ages and nations. Among the Egyptians, slices of limestone, leather, linen and papyrus—especially the last—were universally employed. The Greeks used bronze and stone for public monuments, wax for memorandums and papyrus for the ordinary transactions of life. But the Assyrians and Babylonians employed for their public archives, their astronomical computations, their religious dedications, their historical annals and even for title deeds and bills of exchange, tablets, cylinders and prisms of terra cotta. Two of these cylinders, still extant, contain the history of the campaign of Sennacherib against the kingdom of Judah, and two others give a detailed account of the dedication of the great temple by Nebuchadnezzar to the seven planets. To this indistructible material, and to the happy idea of employing it in this manner, the present age is indebted for a detailed history of the Assyrian monarchy; whilst the decades of Livy, the plays of Menander and the lays of Anacreon, confided to a more perishable material, have either wholly or partly disappeared amidst the wreck of empires.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The variety of styles in vogue at present equals the endless variety of materials, which modify the past despotism of fashion's rules, so that there is no longer one fashion which decides the question of dress to such an extent that all women adopt it, whether they are thin or stout, tall or short, but the wide field of variety allows all individualities to be considered, and there is something adapted for every peculiarity of form and feature of the sex.

In a word, Fashion no longer indulges in such capricious revolutions in her styles, which were formerly created to-day and banished to-morrow; but we have the comforting assurance that the fashions of one season will wield an influence over those of the next, and the changes introduced are modifications of the old. I may also add that economy is allowed a voice in the discussion of dress at present, for the various styles seem to adapt themselves especially to the renovation of old dresses, by the prescribed rules of using the figured materials with the plain.

Prominent among the many modifications of the popular styles are the short dress, the long trained skirt, and the demi-trained skirt, which may be regarded as an outgrowth of both. The short dress presents many combinations and peculiarities of formation, in which a variety of materials are used, the arrangement of which is on a foundation of plain soft skirt lining: on this invisible foundation the materials are applied as taste suggests. One material represents the bottom of the skirt trimming, and may be of silk, velvet, or wool: while over this is another material, which may be a simulated polonaise or overskirt; above is another material in the vest or coat. By this arrangement a small quantity of each material may be used, without that expense heretofore incurred in carrying out any fashionable model, for it requires but a few yards of handsome and costly materials to create those effective styles, which one could not do if more was necessary.

It is generally conceded by even those who are loth to depart from customary prejudices and customs, that the short dress is an established popular fact, and has gained many adherents, who further it by even adapting it to handsome materials, so that it is no longer especially the *costume de fatigue*, and reserved only for plain simple dress but it will probably never attain such favor as to exclude the long train from house-dresses and the carriage; for, as if to evince a stronger preference for this, its partisans have increased the length of the train, so that it no longer has the narrow pointed form, but is cut as a continuation of the whole skirt, and has a round wide sweeping effect. So far, the clinging style has its popular place, and the generality of costumes show but little increased breadth and width, but still one does not see the real sheath dress as of yore; and in the short dresses, as well as those for house wear, there is a certain style of looping up the drapery which indicates the tendency of the future towards the panier style.

Too rapid a stride towards this decided change would arouse an opposition to its success; whereas, the slow but steady application of its use will so establish it in popular favor, that persons will unconsciously fall to its influence.

Wrappings in the way of cloaks and mantles are long and ample. Plain or figured cloths are applied to this make, and in many instances there is a combination of the two with silk or velvet. Bands of fur are used as a trimming, from an inch and a half to two inches wide; while the copeau fringes, in which are combined chenille and moss or jet pendants; passementeries, with drops like pendant buttons; mossy galloons forming a ruche like trimming, in which there are crimped tape and grass fringe combined, and ornaments of passementerie shaped to the back and shoulders, are among the variety of cloak trimmings. Pleatings of black imitation lace are used for cashmere, while for more dressy wraps there are handsome feather trimmings, some having colored embroidery through the centre in different color.

As the winter season approaches the subject of ball and evening dresses is one of importance, and for these there are exquisite varieties of materials, in which embroidery holds an important part. Satins in delicate shades, with wide stripes of embossed velvet roses and shaded green leaves. These are to form panels and revers and trains in combination with plain materials.

The new grenadines and gauzes of light evening shades are covered with requisite embossed floral designs. White crepe lisse and gauze are shown in embroidered bands, and flowers in Pompadour designs for trimming dresses of the same material. For evening toilettes of less expensive style, there is a tendency to produce a dressy effect in appearance and not material; for this purpose a fine mousseline de laine, called "India muslin," is much used in very light shades of blue, rose, white, cream and red, trimmed with pleatings of white muslin or white lace. For this latter purpose there are many charming varieties of imitation lace, a heavy white guipure, or imitation Cluny is effective.

The long pointed bodice, cut with a deep point on the front and back and short on the hips, is seen in many of the full dress costumes, many of which are cut square in the neck, and filled in with a soft delicate chemisette, pleated very finely, in crepe lisse or tulle. With these chemisettes, which are decidedly popular, the sleeves of the dress material are replaced by puffed sleeves of the chemisette material, these sleeves reach to the elbow and finish off by frills of lace, or extend to the wrist and trimmed with a full ruche.

Extreme richness and fantasie of design seem to be the chief characteristics of dress as chronicled abroad. And every period of the past which offers some richness of effect is resorted to from which to glean something astonishing and unique for the present. A recent description of a lady's toilet abroad shows the composite style in vogue: "Her dress is of Pekin striped with long wide vest and pocket flaps of the Louis XVI period, the collar and soft linen cravat edged with lace a la Colin, the little carrick capes and coat a la Revolution, the stockings of 'ancient regime' embroidered and clocked, the large hat with caleche front a la Directoire, and it has a bunch of wired feathers on top like a panache a la Restoration, while the front hair curled a la Empire." Such are the resources which are combined to produce a present haute nouveaute of costume, but with all these extravaganzas and vagaries of dress, it must be remembered that such are adopted only in those extreme circles of fashion, and the elaborate styles of these are not used except by those who have a carriage and experience the demands of an extremely gay and fashionable life.

The plainer styles of dress are still so attractive and dressy and yet within those limits which a more quiet taste and occasion demands that we read with pleasing curiosity such descriptions, without accepting them as a guide. In lingerie there is a pleasing variety to quote from—the plain simple linen collars and cuffs, are used for ordinary wear, but for dressy toilettes there are wide collars, fichus, jabots, bows and cravats of white lace. The soft white India muslin is used as a foundation for these cravats and bows, with the ends trimmed with some of the lovely imitation laces. Even on high necked dresses these fichus, jabots and bibs are used, simulating in effect an open corsage, and produce the most dressy appearance. Some of these lace parures are cut in heart shape or representing a square neck, others represent the Marie Antoinette fichu crossing in front, one end fastened in the waist, and the other on the skirt under a cluster of flowers.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Cheap Toys and How to Make Them.—In all her walks through shop and bazaar there is probably no toy on which a little girl casts such longing eyes as a doll's house, particularly now, when there are softly murmured whisperings of Christmas, borne on the air to little one's ears. But good doll houses are extremely costly affairs. $25 is not an unusual sum to ask for one of these miniature palaces. Of course there are others at far lower prices, but a small doll's house is an eminently unsatisfactory affair. The furniture is nearly always out of proportion—the plates nearly covering the dining table, the bedstead blocking up the bedroom, a table and a few chairs crowd the drawing-room inconveniently, and there is no room for the piano. Then, if the dolls wish to give a party—as kindly dolls often do—the guests are usually so cramped for space that they are compelled to sit with their legs dangling into vacancy over the edge of the rooms and this has an uncomfortable, not to say inhospitable appearance.

Yet a good, serviceable doll's house, capable of containing a family of fair sized dolls is within reach of very moderate purses, provided the owners of the purses will give some time and trouble as well as money.

A large packing case, divided into four compartments by two shelves placed crossways inside, make an excellent doll's house. Any carpenter would put in these shelves, and put on a door in front at a very small cost. The four compartments make a dining room, drawing-room, kitchen and bedroom. The ceilings should be covered with white glazed calico, pasted on; this makes a good imitation of whitewash. Pale yellow calico pasted on the kitchen walls answers for the usual "distempering" of a real kitchen; this is less troublesome than painting or applying real whitewash, and looks quite as well. The calico must be strained as tightly as possible. The walls of the other rooms should be covered with paper. The "decorator" employed by the family is sure to have some paper scraps he would give the children for this purpose. Carpets can be made out of pieces of velvet, or, better still, worked on canvas in a small pattern suitable to the room. This is a capital piece of easy work for a little girl. One great advantage in the doll's house as a toy is that, like a doll, it induces children to practice needle work. Real carpet is too thick for the doll's rooms, but drugget does not look amiss. Small pictures cut out of papers or taken off bonbons, look well on the walls if surrounded by a narrow strip of gilt paper to imitate a frame. If anyone in the house happens to break a looking glass I need not say that a fragment cut even is always a handsome addition to the doll's drawing-room if neatly framed in gilt paper.

Much of the furniture can be made at home. Beds are easily manufactured. Take an old box and place the lid upright against one end, the box being turned bottom upwards. This forms a bed with a back and tester. Sew the lid firmly in its place, and paste pink glazed calico within and without, also along the sides; then cover with white muslin edged with lace, arranged like the curtains, draperies, and valance of a real bed. A mattress, stuffed with any scraps of wool or wadding, sheets, blankets, counterpanes and pillows can now be added. Still patchwork is effective for the counterpane, or one can be knitted in fine wool on steel pins, in stripes of red and white. Lace over silk is pretty for a counterpane.

A capital wardrobe can be made of another box without the lid. It should be lined inside with pink or white glazed calico, and covered outside with paper. Imitation oak panelling looks best. Stand this on one end—put a row of bent pins at the back, inside for the dolls to hang their dresses on, and close the entrance by a curtain of some soft material.

The curtain should be made to draw to and fro; this is easily managed by running a wire through a row of loops at the back of the curtain, and then fixing it across the door. If made in a soft material (silk is too harsh), it will draw easily.

Tables and chairs can be made in cardboard, but they are durable enough to be suitable for the doll's house. If the family contains a brother with any taste for carpentry, he had better be applied to. Knowing the strong views boys generally entertain of dolls and doll's houses; I make this suggestion with diffidence; but there are soft-hearted moments and long wet holiday afternoons, and prudent sisters will avail themselves of these circumstances in furnishing their houses. Tables and chairs are easily made, even by amateur carpenters. If done neatly it will be sufficient to paint the legs and back to imitate whatever wood is desired—varnishing is a sticky and smelling operation, and hardly one to be recommended to young folks who have any regard for their own clothes or their parents' carpets. If, however, the carpenter has not planed his furniture sufficiently smooth to take the paint kindly, many defects in construction can be concealed by covering the legs and backs of the chairs with paper pasted on. Gilt paper looks well for the drawing-room, black for the dining room. A thin piece of wadding should be laid on the seat, which is afterwards covered with either silk or velvet pasted over; the edges neatly finished off with a narrow strip of gilt paper. Extremely pretty chairs can be made by covering the wood with strong gum, and then laying cut straw regularly side by side upon it till the chair is covered. Rice can be similarly applied, but is liable to drop off, after a time, while the straw lasts for years.

Tables can be painted in dice patterns, or covered with paper or velvet or cut straws. I once saw a very pretty effect produced by pasting small scraps of glazed colored paper in a pattern on a table; it looked like a wood inlaying. Pictures look well on a table, but they require varnishing, and, as I have before said, few parents encourage varnishing in the nursery.

Sofas without arms can be made out of any cartoon box; turn the box bottom upwards to form the seat, sew a piece of card against one side to form the back, and cover the back and seat first with a thin layer of wadding, then with silk, velvet, or chintz.

A doll's house, such as I have described, is a toy in which all children can take an interest, even the boys being useful in making it. Where such a toy is known to exist, friends and relatives who wish to make presents to the little ones generally let their gifts take the shape of some addition to the doll's house, which often grows surprisingly rich in the course of years. Glass and crockery, which cannot be made at home like the furniture, are frequently applied in this manner. I omitted to mention a washstand among the bedroom furniture: a table does well for this, the top covered with a thin white oil cloth or marble paper. A toilet table should be covered with pink calico and draped white muslin, to match the bed.

Ingenious children will invent many other additions to the furniture—the doll's house is a capital holiday occupation. Of course it may be said that toy furniture is to be got so cheaply that it is hardly worth the trouble of manufacturing at home, but my object in this paper is rather to find occupation for restless little fingers than to give instructions how to make articles which shall eclipse the gorgeous doll's furniture of a toy shop. Doubtless prettier tables and chairs can be bought, but the hand made ones give amusement for many a wet afternoon, and their manufacture fills up many a wet afternoon. Parents know how difficult it often is to keep children occupied and happy during their holidays, and any harmless amusement is welcome which will employ idle hands, otherwise certain to indulge in "mischief still)," according to Dr. Watts.

Children with a taste for drawing often take great pleasure in laying out an imitation garden in the following fashion. Procure a large sheet of cartridge paper, the bigger the better, glue a piece of looking-glass in the centre to resemble a lake; imitation Walks should be laid out with sand sprinkled over the wet glue, with which the paper must be entirely covered, and flower beds made with colored immortelles. A few rustic chairs should be scattered about the lawns, and tiny dressed dolls be found playing tennis or croquet, or feeding the swans, which should be on the lake.

At one end of the paper a model cut in card and painted should represent a house or a ruined castle. I have seen remarkably pretty models of picnics, gardens, &c., done in this manner; and when the juvenile artisans have finished their work and grown tired of it, the model need never be wasted. There are hospitals and almshouses where any bright pretty object is a welcome gift. Patients grow very weary of lying gazing at a whitewashed wall, and almshouse inmates see so little that is beautiful that even a pretty model is acceptable in the dull ward. Many boys are very handy in executing models of churches, house, &c., in card. It is a great improvement to them to cover them with the pith of the common rush.

There was an old-fashioned toy, rarely seen now, easily made by children. It consisted of a number of headless bodies in cardboard painted to resemble different dresses. At the back of the shoulders was pasted a slip of paper into which was put the head. This head was removed from one body to the other, as the doll was required, or to appear in a different dress. Dolls like these can be constructed out of any fashion book, or the bodies painted to fancy. They would be cheap additions to a stall at a fancy sale.

Fancy runs riot in caps, which are made of handkerchiefs, pieces of India shawls, and all sorts of materials, trimmed with ribbons of every color and description.

A lady, referring to the flirting propensities of her young friend, said: "She would sit up in her coffin to coquette with the undertaker."

A boarding house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points; the weak point being her coffee, and her strong the butter.

Pious young ladies in England now distribute tracts in sealed and secated envelopes through the mails or in person.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

C. I., (Norton, Kas.)—A person should not always be studying, but should allow himself leisure for proper exercise.

ANXIOUS, (Meigs, O.)—By all means marry the young woman, who will evidently make you an industrious, tidy, and good-tempered wife.

LINTON, (Walton, Ga.)—The gentleman to whom you refer must be one of those selfish, small-minded fellows, whom no lady should try to conciliate.

Y. N., (Will. Ill.)—If a gentleman tells a lady he loves her, it is not legally an offer of marriage. But if his intentions be honorable, he means it as such.

JANE H., (Lone Well, La.)—As you were both minors, the engagement is not binding; and you could not sue in the law courts for breach of promise of marriage.

READER, (Indian Ter.)—Pigmies are represented in poetical fiction as a tribe of men in Lybia only a span in heights, and as carrying on perpetual war with the cranes.

S. M. G., (New York, N. Y.)—To find a friend whom you have missed for some years, you had better advertise in the newspaper which you think he is most likely to read.

FRANCES, (Bates, Mo.)—It would not be proper for you to accompany the gentleman unless with some female relation or friend. We are unable to advise you on the other point.

NIGHT SCHOOL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—There are no works to teach writing. When you want to write or speak well on a subject, first understand it if you can; then collect as much information respecting it as possible.

JOHN, (Allegheny, Pa.)—How can you tell whether she is or is not in love with you, if you haven't asked her? If you wish her to marry you ask her squarely. You may have been entirely justified in telling her the other fellow got drunk.

F. G., (Elkhart, Ind.)—Whether or not such a physical blemish as a scar in a lady's countenance should deter a man from marrying her, is a matter which the man should decide for himself, without even asking questions anonymously on the subject.

L. L., (Wilson, Tenn.)—Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious character than to ridicule an honorable love. Many puppies in fashionable life think it fine and fascinating to sneer at true affection, but such creatures are beneath contempt.

ANXIOUS, (Osage, Mo.)—How can we possibly conjecture how long it may be before the gentleman who seems to be paying his addresses to you, proposes? If his apparent courtship has been long, you should get your parents or some friend to ask him what his intentions are.

W. W. W. WOOD, (W. V.)—You are technically right; but you must remember that custom has as great an influence over forms of speech as strictly grammatical rules, and that too rigid adherence to the latter would sometimes render conversation too stiff, awkward, and pedantic.

ARTHUR, (Hestonville, W. P.)—In enameling gold and silver the enamel used consists of a very fusible glass variously colored by metallic oxides, reduced to powder and made into a paste with water for use. These are applied to the finished surface of a blowpipe flame or by the heat of a small furnace.

THIRST, (Lockwood, Mich.)—Do not give up the study of French; you have already made some progress. You will find German considerably more difficult, although the words have more affinity to ours. Join the study of the one to the other on alternate nights: one will help the other by contrast.

HEART-BROKEN, (Hocking, Ohio.)—You can never accomplish anything, either in love or business, by moping and sitting down in the dumps. Rouse yourself, bid adieu to melancholy, and work hard at something or other at least eight hours a day, and you will stand a chance to come out right, or at least to get on the right track.

EMILY, (Hunterden, N. J.)—Before you engage yourself to the young man make inquiries as to his respectability. The statement he has made to you may be quite true, but being an entire stranger it is your duty to see that it is so. Many young women have married unhappily through neglecting the precaution we advise you to take.

MARIE V., (Inyo, Cal.)—Considering the great disparity of age, your own youth, and that there is no other feeling but respect, we advise your deferring acceptance until you have communicated with your relatives. Your reply should be that you require time for reflection; or try womanly tact, and evade the point—for the present at least.

PUZZLED, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Printers measure type when set up at so much per thousand ems. The unit of measurement is called an em, because the letter m was at one time a square letter. The number of these squares contained in a line of type in width, being multiplied by the number of lines, or ems, in the length of the page or column, gives the number of ems.

DEWSBURY, (Elgar, Ill.)—Bachelors of Arts, in England, whether of Oxford or Cambridge, wear black hoods lined with white fur. Masters of Arts of Oxford wear black silk hoods lined with crimson; Cambridge, black lined white, but all black after five years' standing. Doctors of Divinity of Oxford, black cloth lined with scarlet cloth. Cambridge, red silk lined with pink. These customs are not observed here.

ELIZA B., (Gloucester, N. J.)—The requisites which are most essential in a lover, are an agreeable person—though this is the least, accomplished manners, united with a sweetness of temper and disposition; free from levity and anything bordering on the ridiculous. An unblemished reputation, and a mind stored with virtuous principles, are to be added. With a partner of this kind, none need fear to venture upon the stream of matrimony.

D. D. F., (Perry, Pa.)—The value of the copyright of sacred songs, as well as of all poetic and other compositions, varies entirely according to their merit or the popularity of their author. There is no standard value in such matters. If an unknown writer presented himself to a publisher with a volume of sacred songs, it is ten to one that the publisher would at once decline the undertaking.

HENRY, (Itawamba, Miss.)—Husbands should be willing to attend to any reasonable suggestion which a wife may offer. Many a man has been indebted for his position and reputation to the care and solicitude of his wife. She has cheered him when the pitiless storms of the world have nearly overwhelmed him. When misfortune has come, she has suddenly risen into mental force, and becomes his supporter in trouble.

M. C. E., (Bon Homme, Dak.)—The most beautiful speech is simple and pure, without pretentions and without slang. Say, quietly and simply, what you mean, without exclamations, oaths, or other vulgarities. It has been said, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Not one thing marks the gentleman or lady so much as a pure, clear, distinct articulation, and a simple, natural mode of speaking.

GROSSIE, (Butler, Ohio.)—The language of flowers is said to have originally come from the East, and to have been of very ancient origin. That it may have come originally from the East is possible, as in Persia, Arabia, and Egypt it is used as a means of communication at the present day. The dahlia means "I am forever thine;" the full white rose, "I am worthy of you;" the red rosebud, "You are young and beautiful."

CARLE, (Sullivan, N. Y.)—Within the records of history thirty-three great eruptions of Mount Etna have taken place, in an eruption in the year 1603, the city of Catania was destroyed in a minute, when more than eighty thousand persons perished in the ruins. Vesuvius reposed for nearly fifteen hundred years, and its crater, a thousand paces deep and a mile and a half in diameter, was rich in wood and afforded herbage for cattle; in 1631, however, it again broke forth, and since then, every ten years has had its destructive eruption.

DRAMA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Flying Dutchman is a superstition existing in the imagination of that very credulous class of people, seamen. It is supposed by such believers that a phantom ship, manned by an unearthly crew, appears occasionally to voyagers; and its apparition is thought to bode destruction to the vessel that encounters it. We need scarcely add that the existence of the Flying Dutchman is not nearly so well authenticated as that of the sea serpent.

S. B. Y., (Sauk, Wis.)—Politeness is cheap. A bow costs very little, and it may be worth dollars, and more than dollars can purchase. A smile is harder sometimes; but it is well to smile, even when we do not feel like it, for it not only sheds its light around, but throws some inward on the heart. A kind word is often better than gold, and a kind action than the gold. Nothing pays better than politeness; and if it comes from the heart, and is the expression of kindness or charity, then it is a virtue that tends, more than all others, to make this earth a heaven.

DOUBT, (Trenton, N. J.)—Concerning the future in the Primitive Church, there were three opinions. The first is that of Eternal Death, or the theory of the Annihilation of the Wicked, which was first preached by Barnabas within sixty years of Our Lord's death, A. D. 33, and was held by Polycarp and Irenæus, both martyrs. The second theory of Eternal Life in Pain, defended by Athenagoras, A. D. 120, just a hundred years later than Barnabas. The third is the Restoration of all sinners, held by Origen, A. D. 253, or one hundred and fifty years after Barnabas.

RIVAL, (Elmwood, Mo.)—We judge from your letter that you believe you stand as high, if not higher than, the other young man in the lady's esteem. This being the case, the mere fact that he has preceded you in addressing her should not deter you from trying your own chances. All's fair in love, particularly under circumstances like your own. Take the first opportunity and speak to the girl. It may be that she is as anxious that you should do so as your are yourself, notwithstanding the addresses of your rival.

W. F. K., (Ottersville, Can.)—In electro-plating with silver, make a bath containing one part of cyanide of silver to two or three parts of cyanide of potassium dissolved in about one hundred and fifty parts of water. Make the article to be plated the negative pole and a piece of silver hung in the bath will form the positive pole. This, however, will deposit the silver with a sort of dull, dead appearance: if lustre is needed, a few drops of bisulphide of carbon added to the bath will easily effect it. One-half ounce of silver to the square foot of surface to be covered is sufficient to give an excellent plating allowing the solution to operate from four to six hours. The articles to be plated must be perfectly clean, and well washed in diluted nitric acid before stepping in the bath.

MAGGIE B., (Belleville, Iowa.)—It is impossible to ascertain accurately when or by whom Jerusalem was built. Some believe it to have been as ancient as the days of King Melchisedec, and the capital of his realm. Although Bible authorities generally are in dispute as to who he was, they does make him out as Shem, the son of Noah, their ancestor. This is the nearest approach that can be made from historical records as to either the time of building or the builder of the holy city. Modern Jerusalem dates from some years after the Christian era. A certain "son of Abraham," one of the Patriarchs, was called Judah. Hence the name of the land given by the Almighty to the Israelites, or sons of Israel, was Judea. Hence poets call these people the children of Judah, or Jews. When they were so first called we cannot say—but it was at a very early period as regards both Greeks and Romans.